THE
Commonweal

Death of the President

An Editorial

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Death of the President

MOST OF US took the first news of the President's death for some grisly joke. It was, of course, unbelievable, and we are only now absorbing and digesting the horror of the event. One friend told us that the first time he fully realized what had happened was when he saw on TV a corps of workers carrying the President's papers and the famous rocking chairs out of his White House office. That was more than twenty-four hours after the assassination. The listlessness of life here in New York, several days after the murder, testifies to the depth of the shock felt throughout the nation.

The ironies of the death only magnified the horror. The very warmth of the Dallas reception perhaps assured the President's death: otherwise the protective bubble-top of the Presidential car might have been up. Then too there was the irony that in Dallas, home of General Edwin Walker, H. L. Hunt, Dan Smoot and the lady who attacked Adlai Stevenson—a city often regarded as bubbling with rightist hatred—the President received a tumultuous welcome and his killer turned out to be not a fanatic of the right, but of the left.

But possibly the greatest irony is that sudden violent death should come to a man who has pitched so much of his energy into the curbing of violence in political life. To say that the President was a man of peace is to say nothing special. That is a characteristic we expect of all our Presidents. But no President, perhaps, has tried so hard to drain the emotional charge from potentially explosive situations. He was always impatient with emotional responses in politics. For him, they were at best an irritant and at worst the stuff of tragedy. That is why he was so concerned with the radical right. He understood that the tensions, complexities and emotions of the cold-war era could easily combust into the horror of a nuclear showdown.

In a troubled world that for more than a decade now has had the power to destroy itself in a matter of minutes, the President's calm and unemotional bent of mind weighed very heavily. Premier Khrushchev has said the President was a reasonable man, which, in the Communist lexicon, can mean one of two things: a man willing to yield at every major pressure point in order to keep the peace, or a man who could combine toughness with the ability to reject and restrain the kind of belligerence that can lead in graded steps to war, constantly reducing the options open to the diplomats until conflict is almost certain.

It is in this second sense that Khrushchev spoke. Mr. Kennedy *was* a reasonable man, and the world felt, particularly after the display of courage, determination and prudence during the Cuban missile crisis, that whatever degree of safety we can achieve in these explosive times, would be achieved as long as it was Mr. Kennedy's desk that bore the apocalyptic red telephone. As a Briton said on television after the President's death, "we thought we had another five years before we had to worry again" about who would control the nuclear might of the West.

BUT NOW the violence and hatred that the President strove so hard to control have struck him down, and we grieve not only for him but for the nation, and for the possibility that his murder was not an isolated act, but rather an expression of the irrational forces eating their way into American life.

Ominous signs of these forces and emotions have grown around us. The repeated threats against the life of Kennedy, Stevenson and Warren; the suggestion by one editor, made jokingly he says, that Warren should not be impeached but hanged;

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the recent comment by a bitter columnist that one of his lifelong regrets is that the man who tried to kill Roosevelt in 1932 wasn't a better shot; the near assault on Lyndon Johnson by a Texas mob three years ago; the attack on Stevenson in Dallas only last month; the murders of the Birmingham children, the Baltimore postman and Medgar Evers, and the astonishing moral blindness that they illuminated. (One national magazine subtly suggested that the postman's murder might have been warranted because he was allegedly carrying an anti-Christian placard.)

Inevitably, after a tragedy like this, many will say that we are all responsible for the act. It is easy, and accurate, to reply that only one man pulled the trigger, and that this is all it takes, even in the healthiest moral climate. Yet we would do well in this case, as in others, to consider whether a moral and political atmosphere produces a Lee Oswald, just as a different atmosphere can produce a John Kennedy.

The loss of the President is more than the loss of its most important office-holder and the symbol of its law and order, as stunning as that is in itself. It is also the loss of a man with a peculiarly apt set of talents and convictions for our time. What strikes us most about him is that he was a man of his age, and understood his age. He understood the uses as well as the limits of our national power, and constantly strove to convince the nation that there were no simple answers for the world's turmoil, that we will have to live with high tension and danger far into the future, and that there can be no laying down of the burden.

He saw clearly the central danger of our time, which is not Communism in itself, but the possibility of world nuclear destruction, and he worked with all his energy to create the climate for rational control of nuclear weapons in the face of both Russian obstructionism and domestic political opinion often quick to label overtures to the Communists as signs of weakness and fear. His test-ban treaty, as he himself said many times, may have been signed by the Russians as a cynical time-serving gesture. But as he also said, it was a step the West had to take, and if it ultimately leads to full control of nuclear weapons, it will surely be looked upon as the chief accomplishment of his Administration, if not one of the central ones in history.

Another facet of the man that came across so clearly in the television film clips shown since his death was his unique capacity to grow. His background was conservative and isolationist, but he moved away from this stance while still a young man, rejecting its dry, simple formulas as unworkable in the real and changing world he saw

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around him. He was never much impressed by the clichés of either the left or the right. What many took for cynicism and crude politics in the early Kennedy now appears to be a lifelong attempt to wed pragmatism and idealism without the encumbrance of slogans that seemed to him to hamper other people's attempts to find solutions that are workable as well as high-minded. He had no use for conservatives who resisted adaptation to a changing world because of "principle," and he had no use either for liberals who would rather go down in a struggle for "principle" than survive to provide the limited good that the wedding of pragmatism and idealism usually produces.

"I did better than he at Harvard," said a former classmate, "but he grew and I didn't." And this growth was built on a passion for facts and analysis, a rare openness to new ideas, and a willingness to marshal as many of the best minds of his generation as possible to work in his Administration.

In his person, as in his writing, he laid great emphasis on courage. For him, this meant not only the will to fight or resist a well-defined challenge, but the will to accept the burden of complexity, with its tensions between the possible and the practical. It has been pointed out that the heroes of his book *Profiles in Courage* all ended their careers courageous but defeated, and it has been further suggested that as much as he admired those men, his own vision of courage had room for the kind of synthesis that avoided the necessity for a fall, however glorious.

Now he has lost the chance to achieve that synthesis in his own life. The Peace Corps and the test-ban treaty appear to be considerable contributions. Yet the accomplishments of his brief Administration must be looked on as largely tentative, and death leaves most of his domestic program bogged down in the sludge of Congress.

What the long-range significance of the Kennedy Administration is, of course, will be settled by the historians. It may be, as James Reston says, that the Kennedy Administration was such a personal thing that, with the assassination of its leader, its true history will never be written. But history will make some judgment, perhaps laying greater stress on what seems so tentative in the Kennedy contribution—the attempt to rally a comfortable America to a spirit of sacrifice; the attempt to put the full weight of the Presidential office behind the civil-rights fight; the effort to awaken a civic and global consciousness among the young people, among whom his impact was felt so strongly; the attempt to swing the nation decisively away from a moribund conservatism.

Whatever the long-term judgments, we have lost a man of vision and strength. His loss will be felt as the nation closes ranks around President Johnson.

HERE AND THERE

The Search for Freedom

Rome

THE COUNCIL FATHERS meet five days a week during the morning hours. Saint Peter's square is roped off during that time. About noon people start gathering in order to be on hand when the Fathers pour out of the basilica. As busloads of bishops pull out of the square, the visitors stand, like gawkers anywhere, and applaud these men of all nations and races who have come together to "renew and reform" their ancient Church. The men in the buses as well as the people applauding speak many different languages, but there is a strong sense of unity pervading the scene. Neither the bishops nor the visitors who come to see them feel like "outsiders" in the most cosmopolitan of all settings. For the Vatican belongs to everyone, and despite the Italian dominance, Catholics from all over the world quickly feel "at home" here.

After the sudden burst of purple fades from Saint Peter's square, the Council Fathers, their *periti*, the non-Catholic observers, journalists and visitors begin to seek out their own for news and conversation about what happened that morning. The "catholic" indiscrimination of the earlier scene disappears then and the crowd breaks up into smaller groups who live by the same customs and speak the same language. The Americans are soon gathered in an eager clump for their daily briefing by Father Edward Heston of the Holy Cross Fathers, who sums up what each of the morning's speakers had to say. In other parts of the same press building, Italian, French, Spanish, Germans and others are given similar briefings. Then in small groups they wander off to nearby restaurants for midday meal and leisurely gossip about the outstanding personalities and great issues that have for weeks been making history at this second session of the Ecumenical Council.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, while most of the city is enjoying its siesta, the American journalists gather with a panel of theologians in the basement of the USO building on the Via della Conciliazone. This is *the* American gathering of the day. The conference is presided over by Father John B. Sheerin of

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the Paulist Fathers. Sitting with him are a group of theological experts, almost all Americans, like Monsignor George G. Higgins, Fathers Gustave Weigel, S.J., Frederick McManus, Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., Francis J. Connell, C.Ss.R., and others whose names are less familiar to readers of the Catholic press but whose contributions to these briefings are enormous. In addition, there are frequently three or four bishops on hand.

In the audience are dozens of journalists, many of whom, like Robert Kaiser of *Time,* Edward Duff, S.J., Paul Blanshard, Michael Novak, and Gary McEoin, are "names" in their own right. Along with the journalists are various American observers and *periti,* and when the issues get complicated the audience may hear from Father Gregory Baum, O.S.A., Father Daniel O'Hanlon, S.J., or one or another of the bishops sitting in the room. Listening in will be clumps of seminarians from the North American college, young Americans from the various religious houses in Rome, tourists in the city for a few days, and occasionally a nest of nuns.

LAST YEAR, during the first session of the Council, this daily briefing was called a school of theology for journalists. This year the journalists, from the secular as well as Catholic press, generally talk as if they had earned their diplomas. Their questions are almost always pertinent, knowledgeable and clearly worded. And, remember, the immediate issues of this Council are not easily grasped. They concern such recondite theological matters as charism, episcopal collegiality, and canonical exemption for religious orders. It is a tribute, then, not only to the theologians on the panel but to the journalists at the press tables that the level of the daily conferences is kept so high and the reporting so accurate.

The correspondents, of course, have to report not for theological societies but for mass readerships, and the temptation for them to dwell on personalities and dramatic issues must be strong. But there is remarkably little of that. One by one—at least in the American papers I see—these knotty theological questions have been dealt with.

The Fathers' debates are usually carried on at a high level. The issues of the Council are frequently abstruse and obscure to the layman. The language of the bishops' interventions, even when translated, is only rarely colorful. Yet, there is a sense of excitement here—a feeling that it is all not just talk but that something is truly happening. Just *what* is happening, no one is quite sure; but *that* it is happening is clear to all.

To be sure, the Council's sessions—like all such meetings—are plagued with repetition and non-sequiturs. These are hard enough to take in the vernacular. In unfamiliar Latin, they must become almost unbearable to those who have to sit through them. When there were complaints along this line at one of the press conferences, a bishop wisely pointed out that there is no escaping tedium. It is the price of real progress. For, in the Church as in the world, freedom of expression, in order to be meaningful, has to be given even to those who really have nothing to say.

AT THE MOMENT, freedom is one of the most important issues before the Council. (I am writing this a few days after Cardinal Frings' dramatic attack on the highhanded operations of the Holy Office and Cardinal Ottaviani's emotional response.) Of course at the Council everyone believes, one way or another, in human freedom. A Church which teaches that man is free to determine his own ultimate destiny and which stands solidly against all determinist philosophies can not be said to ignore the subject. But, as became painfully clear during the Frings-Ottaviani clash, the operating concepts of freedom differ greatly among the Fathers.

The Cologne Cardinal spoke bitterly of ecclesiastics being tried and judged by the Holy Office without ever getting a chance to be heard or to speak up in their own defense. In his impassioned response, Cardinal Ottaviani stated that his Holy Office never condemned any man without first studying the evidence against him and employing experts to evaluate that evidence. The Italian Cardinal seemed to believe that this was enough to insure that justice was done—no need for cross-questioning, formal defense, right of appeal, or any of the usual Anglo-Saxon procedures.

Though Cardinal Ottaviani's reply appears to have been spectactularly unpersuasive to most of the Council Fathers, his logic should not have been unfamiliar, even to the Americans among them. It was the logic employed by those zealous patriots who maintained the private blacklisting apparatus that dominated radio, television, and Hollywood throughout the 1950's. It was also the logic of those who have blackballed speakers on various Catholic campuses in the United States, on the basis of private charges supplied by anonymous "experts."

In the United States, the famous Catholic University ban on four theologians (each of whom, incidentally, is now playing a significant role at the Council) and the San Diego banning of three lay speakers were openly denounced in sections of the diocesan press within the past few years. That protest represented a break from the usual suffer-in-silence attitude of the past. Now in the very *aula* of Saint Peter's, a voice has been raised against such proceedings, and it it significant that when Cardinal Frings spoke he was interrupted several times by the unaccustomed applause of the Council Fathers.

Developments like this are the reason why there

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is a sense of excitement here in Rome. Those Catholics who come from free countries and who are used to "due process" in political life feel happily unburdened, knowing that human values dear to them are being defended in the Church—and not only by mavericks and oddballs but by eminent ecclesiastical authorities. Those who do not enjoy political freedom at home are encouraged to fight for it even more boldly when they see the Church itself turning its back on the inquisitorial spirit. For it is one thing for the Church to defend the freedom of man in abstract, doctrinal terms, as it has always done; it is considerably more for the Church to give expression to this concern in its own procedures and *modus operandi.*

Still, the battle will not be won overnight. That was evident when a spokesman for the Holy Office, an American prelate, came before the press panel soon after the Frings-Ottaviani exchange, to defend the Holy Office. He put tremendous emphasis on the wisdom and piety of its members and stressed that they always acted in the interests of the faithful, protecting them from error and heterodoxy. All undoubtedly true. What concerned the panel of newsmen of course was that the Holy Office's procedures, judged by the standards of jurisprudence maintained in the Western World, are grossly primitive. In addition, one noted American theologian, Father Gustave Weigel of Woodstock College. claimed that the Holy Office has used its authority to push one theological "line" and to repress another, though both are within the bounds of orthodoxy. But there seemed to be no meeting of minds between the two viewpoints represented in the room. The logic of the Holy Office's defender was that of the Grand Inquisitor (and any one who has read Dostoevsky knows that logically he had a strong case); that of its critics, was the logic of the modern democrat, which has always been stronger in its emphasis on human claims than on the over-arching "rights" of truth—or at least what is the officially canonized truth.

What has been discovered at the Council is that the majority of prelates gathered here from all over the world seem to lean toward the second interpretation. They are modern men, by and large, who have learned the great political lesson of their time, and they are ready to apply it, *mutatis mutandis,* to the government of the Church.

My friend Reinhold Niebuhr used to say that the Catholic Church could never extricate itself from medievalism. I believe that Mr. Niebuhr has since changed his mind on this point, in view of the Church's adaptation to modern industrialized, democratized society. But the process of modernization is going even further at this Council, reaching into the internal government of the Church itself. Not that the Church is becoming "democratized" in the literal sense of the word, but certainly the emphasis now is on a wider spread of authority and a broader span of participation in the life of the Church. That was behind the liturgical reforms proposed during the first session and generally approved at this one. It is evident in the present discussions of the schema *De Ecclesia,* in which the concept of the Church as the People of God and of the laity as an integral part of the total priesthood is being stressed. It is also evident in the push for collegiality, or the emphasis on the entire body of bishops, with the Pope as their head, as the supreme authority in the Church. Finally, it is evident in the drive for a wider representation, not only of different national groups but of different schools of thought, in the Roman Curia. The trend, in short, is toward decentralism and away from paternalism.

There are saintly men on both sides. There are also men less than saintly on both sides. Power and ambition, like paranoia, know no politics. The journalistic habit of portraying the Council as a High Noon confrontation of noble progressives and conservative scoundrels is not only cheap, it is a distortion. What divides the Fathers is not virtue but a vision.

One group, seemingly a minority, regards Modernity not so much as a span of time but as a hostile force that must be held at bay, at all costs. For them, any move toward Modernity, however cautious, represents a capitulation and shameful repudiation of the Church's past. A "modernized" (or *aggiornamentoed*) Church, in this view, will inevitably harbor the spirits of rationalism, license-mistaken-for-liberty, activism and skepticism that they believe are rampant in the world. Consequently, even on small matters this party will not budge—an evening Mass or the elimination of non-liturgical prayers after Mass, for example, represents for them an unwise and costly concession.

What has turned out to be the majority group does not share their fears. For them, the modern world is no bogey. They feel part of it; they are actually proud of many of its accomplishments, even though they admit they were sometimes seeded in rebellion and brought forth in pride of intellect; they believe that the modern world has discovered many new truths which the Church has yet to integrate into its own transcendent Truth; finally, as men of their own times, they earnestly seek for that conformation of Faith and Reason, without which the Christian is torn apart. For them, every step toward *aggiornamento*—from the adaptation of nuns' habits to a re-evaluation of the Index—represents an enrichment of the total Christian apostolate.

AT A RECEPTION given for the observers recently, Dr. Albert C. Outler, who is representing the World Methodist Council, told several hundred of the Fathers that it was remarkable that the stimulus for the reform of all churches "is coming from the Church that was once thought to be unreformed and irreformable." The

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Ecumenical Council, he said, was "putting very uncomfortable pressure" on the Protestant Churches "to risk similar experiments in self-examination and reform."

It may be that the example being given here in Rome extends even beyond the ecclesiastical. Protestant, Orthodox, Jewish, and other religious bodies can learn from it, to be sure—but can't also political movements, social ideologies, and every manner of public enterprise? If the massive Roman Catholic Church, with its highly structured organization, authoritarian base, and dogmatic foundation, can conduct such a thoroughgoing re-examination, what other institution should be afraid of venturing a similar experiment?

For who would deny that every institution in the world stands in need of "renewal and reform"? For example, how many of our vaunted American "principles" have become mere slogans and shibboleths? What would happen if we took a good hard look at "separation of Church and State," "freedom of the press," "all men are created equal," "state's rights," "free enterprise," and all the rest? We might find, as the Council Fathers are finding, that in our ancient heritage, but understood in the light of modern conditions, is the solution to most of our present problems. The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions has been working along this line experimentally for only a few years, but its experience indicates that a massive intellectual attack on the nation's problems via the "renewal and reform" route could turn out to be most promising. Or take the Communist movement throughout the world. What would happen if a "Kremlin Council" as free and open as the one in Rome re-examined the ossified dogmas of Marxism and purged itself of cant and sloganeering? Or organized labor? Or the medical profession? Or education, especially education? The possibilities are limitless.

I do not mean to imply of course that an Ecumenical Council can be easily equated with a purely human re-examination of institutions. It is a matter of Catholic faith that the Holy Spirit presides over a Council in a special way, and I believe that unequivocally. Even if I did not, the evidence of some divine direction here in Rome is overwhelming. But just as the Church can learn from the world, so can the world learn from the Church. There is much in the way of purely secular wisdom to be learned from the meeting at the Vatican —and the world may yet learn it. The work of Pope John may have only begun. Those who believe, as I do, that he was the Francis of Assisi of the twentieth century, a man sent by God to a weary, unhappy world, are not afraid to look for yet more miracles. JOHN COGLEY

Fact and Mystery

Flannery O'Connor

RICHARD H. RUPP

SEVEN WEEKS AGO, Flannery O'Connor spoke before a large and enthusiastic audience of Georgetown students on "The Catholic Novelist in the Protestant South." Rather than dismiss the South as a liability to the Catholic writer, Miss O'Connor saw it as an asset. For religion, no matter how primitive, permeates Southern life. The Catholic writer, then, draws on both his regional and his theological heritage as he wrestles with his talents. For Miss O'Connor, the Catholic Southern novelist "trembles with Abraham over the body of Isaac."

Flannery O'Connor broached the subject which we have for some years attempted to answer in our Catholic colleges: What indeed *is* a Catholic novelist? And where is he, here in our own times? Rumors that J. F. Powers was at last working on a novel circulated for eight years before *Morte D'Urban*. And indeed, as fine as the book is, we must account it a weakness that the Catholic community had to wait so long for the appearance of one book. In theory, of course, the Catholic novelist with his moral wisdom, his belief, is supremely competent to interpret the disorder of modern life. And yet, except for Powers and Edwin O'Connor, the Catholic novelist does not write.

Part of the blame lies with the audience. The Catholic community fails to recognize and encourage the religious novelist when he appears. Like Chaucer's Harry Bailey, Catholic book reviewers are wont to sit back in the saddle and sniff a Lollard in the wind. Or, in

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Miss O'Connor's words, they complain of "no positive novel on social justice or the liturgical movement." One of the resulting ironies is that Flannery O'Connor herself is widely misunderstood.

To expand the discussion somewhat, look at both terms of the proposition: the Catholic novelist, the secular world. We assume an attitude toward reality which is incarnational. Christ is the center of human history. Further, we assume a view that is redemptive. Man's human dignity is grounded in his divine salvation. We can exclude the pious but inept artist who unfortunately finds his way into Catholic high school anthologies. (Isn't it about time, incidentally, to impound "The Hound of Heaven"?)

The other term of the proposition, the secular world, must be no less real for the Catholic novelist than for the non-Catholic writer. Mere orthodoxy will not do. The Catholic novelist must have an unfailing ear for dialogue and an unblinking view of the physical scene. He must see the world clearly, and see it redeemed. He must render both fact and mystery. Such is Flannery O'Connor's argument.

In her own way, Miss O'Connor demonstrates the Catholic artist at grips with reality. Her stories characteristically begin with the ordinary, even the banal, as witness their titles: "The Life You Save May Be Your Own," "Good Country People," and "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." Yet they push on through humor, grotesquerie and caricature to what is, finally, a vision—a vision of man before God. They seldom "come out right," and they do not possess "spiritual uplift" as it is usually understood. They shock and distort. But they force the reader to examine Miss O'Connor's world *sub specie aeternitatis.*

FLANNERY O'CONNOR's vision is at first glance macabre. Her stories are shot through with cruelty and suffering. Bishop, the little boy in her novel *The Violent Bear It Away* is retarded, as is the deaf-mute Lucynell Crater in "The Life You Save May Be Your Own." Other stories delineate a variety of physical and moral freaks: a one-armed man in the same story, a homicidal maniac in "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," a nymphomaniac in "The Comforts of Home," a hermaphrodite in "A Temple of the Holy Ghost," a thirty-two-year-old spinster with a Ph.D. and a wooden leg in "Good Country People." The stories seem to be literary sick jokes. And in part they are—but the joke is on the reader. For these freaks are human, too, and it is their humanity before God which is Miss O'Connor's subject.

A second major ingredient in her fiction is ignorance and its spiritual equivalent, maniacal zeal. The hero of *Wise Blood* (1952), Haze Moats, is a young backwoods preacher. Old Tarwater in *The Violent Bear It Away* (1960) is a latter-day John the Baptist. Bevel Summers in "The River" is an itinerant preacher; Pointer in "Good Country People" is a Bible salesman. The combination of ignorance and zeal has led some critics astray. John Hawkes feels, for instance, that "throughout this fiction, the creative process transforms the writer's objective Catholic knowledge of the devil into an authorial attitude in itself in some measure diabolical." Yet nothing could be further from the truth. Miss O'Connor uses ignorance and zeal as a testament to the power of grace.

A third ingredient of Flannery O'Connor's fiction is her sharp ear for dialogue. It is authentic, absolutely convincing. The Misfit who murders the grandmother, her son, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren in "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," discusses the Resurrection with the grandmother before murdering her:

" 'Jesus was the only One that ever raised the dead,' The Misfit continued, 'and he shouldn't have done it. He thown everything off balance. If He did what He said, then it's nothing for you to do but thow away everything and follow Him, and if He didn't, then it's nothing for you to do but enjoy the few minutes you got left the best way you can—by killing somebody or burning down his house or doing some other meanness to him. No pleasure but meanness,' he said and his voice had become almost a snarl.

" 'Maybe He didn't raise the dead,' the old lady mumbled, not knowing what she was saying and feeling so dizzy that she sank down in the ditch with her legs twisted under her.

" 'I wasn't there so I can't say he didn't,' The Misfit said. 'I wisht I had of been there,' he said, hitting the ground with his fist. 'It ain't right I wasn't there because if I had of been there I would of known. Listen lady,' he said in a high voice, 'if I had of been there I would of known and I wouldn't be like I am now.' His voice seemed about to crack and the grandmother's head cleared for an instant. She saw the man's face twisted close to her own as if he were going to cry and she murmured, 'Why you're one of my babies. You're one of my own children!' She reached out and touched him on the shoulder. The Misfit sprang back as if a snake had bitten him and shot her three times through the chest."

Miss O'Connor's characters assault the imagination, and the violence of their dialogue makes them memorable. The preceding passage does much more than demonstrate Miss O'Connor's ear, however. It shows the operation of grace at the moment of death.

THROUGHOUT the story the characters react to one another with unsuppressed hostility. On a Sunday drive through Georgia the children quarrel with each other and insult the grandmother. Bailey, the son, scarcely tolerates his mother, and his wife ignores her completely. Significantly, it is the grandmother who first recognizes The Misfit and his fellow escaped convicts. ("The grandmother shrieked. She scrambled to her feet and

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stood staring. 'You're The Misfit!' she said. 'I recognized you at once!' ") The recognition anticipates the later discovery at the moment of death. The Misfit is "one of her own children," toward whom the Grandmother reaches out with love. The Resurrection of which they speak is not only historical, but personal. For the Risen Christ whom The Misfit rejects affords the grandmother the grace of salvation.

If one approaches Flannery O'Connor's work with the pattern of salvation in mind, he finds many instances in which it applies. "The River," for instance, describes a young boy's baptism by a zealous river preacher. Harry goes off with the maid to witness "a healing" and to allow his parents time to recover from a hangover. The river, we are told, is "the River of pain itself, moving toward the Kingdom of Christ, to be washed away, slow, you people, slow as this here old red water river round my feet." And Miss O'Connor means what she says. When Harry returns from his baptism, his parents ridicule him and refuse to assure him now that "he counts." So Harry flees the next morning. "He hadn't taken a suitcase because there was nothing from there he wanted to keep." He returns to the river, seeking the preacher, who is nowhere to be found. Harry is followed closely by Mr. Paradise, with a big piece of candy and evil intentions. Then, drawn by the Kingdom of Christ up the river, Harry wades in to seek it, pursued by Mr. Paradise.

"He plunged under once and this time, the waiting current caught him like a long gentle hand and pulled him swiftly forward and down. For an instant he was overcome with surprise; then since he was moving quickly and knew that he was getting somewhere, all his fury and his fear left him."

In his innocence Harry finds the Kingdom of Christ, literally though unconsciously putting the devil behind him. The seducer Mr. Paradise rises "like some ancient water monster," defeated in his pursuit of innocence.

THE DEVIL, in one form or another, is continually present in Miss O'Connor's fiction. He assumes many forms: the devil of the flesh in this story, the devil of self-pity in "Good Country People," and the devil of jealousy in "The Displaced Person." But he is never the devil of ignorance and zeal. The backwoods prophets, incredibly and hopelessly out of touch with modern life, are for real. Flannery O'Connor is deadly serious about them. She says of such people, "I'm not interested in sects as sects; I'm concerned with the religious individual, the backwoods prophet. Old Tarwater is the hero of 'The Violent Bear It Away,' and I'm right behind him 100 per cent. . . . He lacks the visible Church, but Christ is the center of his life."

Let me turn to two of Flannery O'Connor's longest stories, *The Violent Bear It Away* and "The Lame Shall Enter First." Robert Fitzgerald has already shown with great clarity and conviction that the pattern of salvation is at work in "The Displaced Person." The opportunity for grace is open to all; those who reject it, as does Mrs. McIntyre, sicken and die. Their rejection and its effects are a powerful testimony to the desperate need for grace Flannery O'Connor sees in the modern world.

The Violent Bear It Away is the story of two Tarwaters, great-uncle and nephew. Old Tarwater has stolen the fourteen-year-old boy, the orphaned son of his niece, from her brother Rayber. Rayber himself lived with the old man from age seven to age thirteen. Old Tarwater baptized him and fired him with zeal for the word of the Lord until Rayber ran away. Now he is a school teacher and an agnostic—the devil of intellect. Old Tarwater, having failed with one nephew, attempts to raise up the other one "to justify his Redemption." The crux of the problem is young Bishop, Rayber's retarded son by a social worker who married him, had the baby, and left for Japan.

Old Tarwater has failed in his attempts to baptize Bishop, so young Tarwater must do it. The old man dies one morning, sitting bolt upright at the breakfast table, and young Tarwater, after drinking himself into a stupor and burning down the shack in the pine woods, sets out for Memphis and Bishop.

From the outset Tarwater is afflicted by his belief. His vocation torments him. He tries to accept it, he tries to reject it—but he cannot ignore it. Willy-nilly, he is the victim of God's grace.

Tarwater goes to Memphis to live with Rayber, "with a certainty sunk in despair, that he was expected to baptize the child he saw and begin the life his great-uncle had prepared him for. He knew he was called to be a prophet and that the ways of his prophecy would not be remarkable." Rayber fights for Tarwater's mind, Tarwater for Bishop's soul. Finally Rayber succeeds in destroying Tarwater's faith, but at a terrible cost—the life of his own son. In a gesture of defeat, Tarwater drowns Bishop in a lake, speaking the words of baptism in the process. Rather, the words speak themselves, for Tarwater has foresworn his vocation. He flees to the woods, where he is raped by a sodomite. He returns to the burnt clearing, utterly destitute.

Yet the grace of God pursues him even here, in the person of the Negro farmer, Buford, who had buried Old Tarwater in a Christian grave before Tarwater set

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fire to the shack. The "dark rough cross set starkly in the bare ground" symbolizes the true meaning of Tarwater's experience. His physical hunger becomes hunger for the loaves and fishes; he has a vision of the multitude eating on the hillside, among them, his great-uncle. "He felt his hunger no longer as a pain but as a tide. He felt it rising in himself through time and darkness, rising through the centuries, and he knew that it rose in a line of men whose lives were chosen to sustain it, who would wander in the world, strangers from that violent country where the silence is never broken except to shout the truth." Tarwater rises and sets his face once more toward the city, "to warn the children of God of the terrible speed of mercy."

Though Tarwater does not understand why or how, he is indeed the instrument of God's mercy. In *The Violent Bear It Away* secular world and spiritual world are charged with the grandeur of God.

"THE LAME Shall Enter First" (*Sewanee Review*, Summer, 1962), bears many resemblances to *The Violent Bear It Away*. The story concerns Johnson, an orphaned delinquent with an I.Q. of 140. Like Tarwater, Johnson was raised by his grandfater in a shack. Furthermore, Johnson has a profound sense of evil—"Satan," he said. "He has me in his power."

Shepperd, City Recreational Director and an agnostic counselor at the reformatory, has Johnson paroled to his custody. The boy is suspicious and contemptuous of Shepperd and tries to puncture his image in the eyes of the ten-year-old son, Norton. "God, kid," Johnson said in a cracked voice, "how do you stand it?" His face was stiff with outrage. "He think's he's Jesus Christ."

Again, as in *The Violent Bear It Away*, a young child is the center of the struggle between an adolescent prophet and an unbelieving father. Norton has one desire—to be with his dead mother. Johnson offers him some element of hope. If she believed in Jesus, she is "on high." Thus Norton reacts enthusiastically to the telescope that Shepperd gives them. Nightly he stares at the stars from their attic, searching for and finally seeing his mother in a distant star. But Shepperd is not interested.

Johnson begins a series of forced entries and is invariably picked up on suspicion by the police. Shepperd places exaggerated faith in the boy, hoping to make him a well-adjusted member of society. In the process, however, he ignores Norton. When the police finally catch Johnson in the act, they return to Shepperd to show him that he failed. Johnson, the clubfoot, bears witness to Christ in his sin and rejects the false salvation which Shepperd offers:

"Johnson hurled himself forward. 'Listen at him!' he screamed. 'I lie and steal because I'm good at it! My foot don't have a thing to do with it! The lame shall enter first! The halt'll be gathered together. When I get ready to be saved, Jesus'll save me, not that lying stinking atheist, not that . . .'"

The brutal rejection forces Shepperd back on himself. Like Rayber, he has failed to educate the prophet in the ways of the world. This failure shocks him into awareness of another, deeper failure.

"'I did more for him than I did for my own child. . . .' He had stuffed his own emptiness with good works like a glutton. He had ignored his own child to feed his vision of himself. He was the clear-eyed Devil, the sounder of hearts, leering at him from the eyes of Johnson. His image of himself shrivelled until everything was black before him. He sat there paralyzed, aghast."

For the first time Shepperd realizes the enormity of his Pride. The devil he derided in Johnson's raving becomes hideously real in himself. He rushes upstairs, filled with repentance and love for his son, only to find him hanging from an attic beam, the overturned telescope at his feet. Norton is at last with his mother. God's grace works here as it did in Tarwater's life. Self-knowledge desolates Shepperd and reduces him to belief. His life, Norton, is destroyed so that his soul may be saved.

In these four stories one sees variations on Miss O'Connor's theme: sin and grace. The stories are closely connected but like parables play endless variations on the central theme, and are thus never repetitive. Miss O'Connor has given us a modern testament to poverty of spirit. For, in all these stories, only the materially and spiritually destitute shall see God; only the freaks and the ignorant, the crazed and the innocent. They are modern instances of the Christian paradox, the Sermon on the Mount.

Flannery O'Connor's vision is admittedly violent, and at first glance, repulsive. But it is fixed steadily on the Kingdom of God. In projecting the facts of her own time, the freaks and monstrous distortions, she has recorded the mystery of eternity.

Room 301

for James E. Robinson

A breeze of chalkdust
glows in the sun
light as talcum
on my shaven cheek.

The razor of youth
sharp as a scythe
whines over fields
heavy with harvest.

Sealed in the tribe of
scholar and poet
new skins bear old wine.

HAROLD ISBELL

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A President Is Buried

THE DAY after the President was killed was a dreary one in Washington; gray skies and intermittent rain matched the national mood. By the time I arrived in the capital on Sunday morning, though, the weather had cleared, and the day was sunny and crisp, just a little too chilly for an ideal fall day and much too cheerful for the occasion.

Over the weekend the nation's leaders, past and present, arrived in Washington one after another. Somehow their presence was testimony not only to our loss but also to the fact that this tragedy could be fitted into the nation's history, that we would survive the blow, cruel as it was. At the same time life went on, and beneath the solemn ceremonies tension persisted, in Vietnam and Cambodia, in the Congo and in Berlin. In the hours immediately after President Kennedy's assassination, top U.S. officials must have had to consider the possibility that the blow at the President was just the beginning of a pattern of all-out planned attack. Although this turned out to be untrue, it is in this context of grim reality that the hasty oath-taking and the new President's quick flight from Dallas back to Washington must be seen.

On Sunday the President's body was scheduled to leave the White House for the Capitol at 1 P.M. Shortly before that time the news tickers and television sets in the National Press Club began to carry the news that the accused assassin had himself fallen victim to a killer—an unbelievable twist of fate in an already incredible chain of tragedy, and one which made it seem for a while as if the spirit of violence President Kennedy so abhorred was about to overwhelm us.

In some ways, at least, Washington is a blasé town. It sees Presidents come and go, and it is used to foreign dignitaries, to parades and great events. But even for this politically sophisticated capital the assassination of the President of the United States was too much to take in stride. In Washington, as in New York, the primary emotion was one of disbelief, and in both cities one heard people say, time and time again, "I just can't believe it."

The feeling of shocked disbelief, I think, as well as their normal desire to pay their last respects, led many people to the route along which the cortege passed on Sunday, and later led thousands upon thousands to file past the President's coffin in the Capitol Rotunda. The murder of the young President was just too hard to grasp overnight, and only the sight of the flag-draped coffin could help make it real. Indeed, for many only the solemnity of the requiem Mass on Monday ultimately put an end to the nightmarish air of unreality about the President's death.

Sunday's procession from the White House to the Capitol was impressive in its own spartan fashion, with its muffled, black-draped drums and its black, riderless horse behind the caisson. Indeed, that day's ceremonial march was almost too simple, too spartan, passing any given spot along the line of march in a few minutes and leaving some slight feeling of "Is that all?" Watching the next day's funeral procession, however, from the Capitol to the White House and then to St. Matthew's Cathedral, was like watching history come alive. There behind the coffin and the young widow walked the men whose names and faces have become familiar to all of us, men who with the President have helped to shape our times, from De Gaulle to De Valera, from Prince Philip to Emperor Haile Selassie, from Erhard to Mikoyan. We are not likely to see the equal of that gathering soon again.

With the President buried, the political stock-taking will begin. Where will John Fitzgerald Kennedy rate in the roster of American Presidents? Did he live long enough to do more than impress a particular style on the conduct of the Presidency? What will the effect of his death be on the next election? Will it mean, as some commentators are already saying, that the GOP will not now want to risk its improved chances on an "extremist" candidate like Senator Goldwater?

All these are legitimate enough questions, and they must be asked. For me, though, this week is too early to discuss them. All I know now is that a young and vital President whom I respected and admired has been cut down in the prime of his powers. I went to Washington for his funeral, like thousands of other Americans, out of the simple desire to be close as I could, to pay my respects in the only way I knew how, to pray for a man who had served his country so faithfully. For now, at least, that is enough.

During Mr. Kennedy's campaign for the Presidency, the editors of this magazine argued as well as we knew how for his right to serve. Week after week we tried to counter those voices which were raised against him as a Catholic, to answer those who said that to be at once a Catholic and a loyal American was impossible. It may be that this debate was inevitable, even necessary, and in this case at least the argument was resolved by the American people in John Kennedy's favor, albeit by a small margin. But if Mr. Kennedy did not in fact succeed during his lifetime in laying "the Catholic issue" to rest as a real issue once and for all, it may well be that he has done so in death. I know that as I watched his body pass, no question seemed more utterly irrelevant, and I doubt that I am alone in this. May he rest in peace.

JAMES O'GARA

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Poets and Mystics

JOHN FANDEL

FROM THE same source of silence, through different modes of silence, poet and mystic represent Francis Thompson's adaptable paradox: "they speak by silences." Both are creatures of and with imagination. Each is responsible to and for the image. The mystic sees through the image to see reality; beyond appearance, he fathoms thought. But until he first focuses the image, he will not see through it, he will not be quiet in oneness with God—in the light he sees as darkness. The poet pierces the image, too; he sees the same intense darkness of light. But he images what he has seen. Silence, rapture, mark the mystic; statement, a spoken silence, mark the poet:

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds:
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

So Francis Thompson speaks; so Tennyson speaks of the distance beyond distance. And Vaughan says:

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light.

The poet's statement is partial. the poem is a facsimile. However horripilatious, spine-tingling, the poem is dimness in the light it shadows.

Seeing reality through the image (the daisy-Maker by the daisy), mystic and poet share this hope: they will give their whole vision of joy. But they know the unlikeliness of a whole giving, for each knows the handicap of the imagination. The mystic is spared using images after rapture, at least: *secretum mihi;* the poet, faithful to his nature, must use them. This distinction is not preferential. Both find the imagination a gateway to pass through, to get beyond; then, in different ways, each learns its limitations. Mysticism and poetry might be defined as this limitation.

Limitation for the mystic means the fading into obscurity of images as he rises (or sinks) into reality; it means the feebleness of imagination after the heights (or depths) of reality. For the poet, this limitation is less final. He can not admit the imagination useless, just as he will not exploit it. The poet knows what it can do by suffering what it can not. He interprets limitation more affirmatively, but not without qualifications. For the poet who has been beyond images, the return to humdrum levels is insipid. He can image the ecstasy, but he knows that his image is only a similitude. The deeper (or higher) his contemplation, the keener he suffers the meaning of limitation. The poem, the frail similitude, is a metaphor other than its image which tries to come to terms with reality. The poem, if its failure succeeds, stands for the failure to image reality.

Although the imagination has drawbacks, the mystic does not scorn it, even as he does not despise the senses. As he refines the senses in their dark night, he trains the imagination. The mystic slights images after his ecstasy; previous to it, he makes them work. He focuses them; they tune his meditation. Then, he waits. For he has rapture only at God's pleasure; infusion is a gift. But the gift is a reward, too. The better tuned one is, the better he waits; the better he waits, the more likely he will receive. The poet is lucky, therefore. God has given him ready wit. His imagination is strong, when inspired, and sure. It learns what images to foster. Its range is wide, its choice select: it has taste. Moreover, it has focus. It gets rid of fancies for intensities. Tuned, it turns quickly, easily, to infusion; it submits at the right moment to be quiet in God.

QUIETNESS in God—oneness of soul and Creator—is worth more than the tribute of silence or poetry. Still, the mystic pays it the tribute of silence, a simple muteness, as the poet pays it the tribute of statement. Each recognizes the *O Altitudo*; their tributes say so. Their tributes are symbols which signify all that man can offer. Symbols, they represent and inspire: they tell other men of bounties bestowed; they give man hope.

The silence of the mystic is a lover's silence, not a stoic's: he is silent because he knows God, not because he is a disciplinarian; he is silent because he loves God. He keeps silent to nourish God's gift; it is his fare. This silence says more than sesquipedalianism, for this silence speaks to all; all sense the love and peace it radiates. It is the most eloquent source of charity. In the calm muteness of the mystic, God speaks the word of love. So the mystic loves silence that the word is more clearly heard. His is not the noisy silence of pride. The silence of the mystic is not willfulness which refuses to speak; it is the only way he can speak, for

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he has no words to say what he must. He adopts the idiom of silence; he lets silence say everything.

The poet seems less silent. Few reckon the silence his poem speaks. His thought is not always considered deep enough for human tears. But the poet speaks from silence as the mystic keeps silent. He does not speak to hear himself talk. He does not speak to impress. He speaks because he is a poet. He speaks because he obeys. His work is not whim. Like the charity of the mystic, it grows from silence in silence. It is not a sudden eruption of sounds and images; it is not a Vesuvius of emotion; it is the gradual harvesting of silence. Each poem is part of that harvest; each poem is the careful nourishing and harvesting of the seed of silence. The poet does not harvest something from nothing. He harvests his poems from the seed of silence God sows in his imagination.

Sometimes God sows the seed through the words of others. Reading them, the poet is inspired; the word flowers in his mind. In this flowering, the poet sees the sower. Inspired, he speaks, and he will use all the ingenuity of his craft to speak well. Syllables are to him what pebbles were to Demosthenes. So, too, God sows the seed through some natural thing: a leaf, a stone, a blade of grass, a flower. "I do not think I have ever seen anything more beautiful than the bluebell I have been looking at. I know the beauty of our Lord by it": Hopkins. Merton: "The pale flowers of the dogwood outside this window are saints. The little yellow flowers that nobody notices on the edge of that road are saints looking up into the face of God." God cleanses his senses with an image that creates his imagination; the image purifies his mind of all fantasies. God borrows his wonder:

> To see a World in a grain of sand,
> And a Heaven in a wild flower,
> Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
> And Eternity in an hour.

Roots and rocks startle him with God. The poet stops to look at the flower and looks into the face of God.

If he does, he does because he has imagination. There is, as well, imagining. We have all heard: "Don't let your imagination get the best of you"; "That is a mere figment of your imagination"; "Your imagination is running away with you." We have also heard: "Use your imagination"; "What you lack is a little imagination." A destructive power figures in the first three statements. Spiritual writers warn us to beware it; Hubert Van Zeller explains: "When we are warned against retaining *images*, we are being put on the defense against a . . . subtle obstacle to the way of grace. An independent judgment, an ambition, an obstinacy, a prejudice, an affectation would be an image." Opposed to this is imagination. It is creative. It is a power. From all the images flashing through the senses, this power chooses, selecting. Groomed, it is a sanctity.

The poet grooms his imagination. He looks through the world of *seem* to see a universe of *is*. He sees the face behind the features; he keenly intuits the root of the flower; he makes an image of the universal from the world he sees through. Although he never sees wholly, his glimpse opens eyes. Perhaps only the mystic understands the poet, his song, as the poet understands the mystic, his silence. Each understands the other's failure.

This is a bond. Each complements the other; each needs the other. There is no conflict between the mystic's silence and the poet's song: both issue from the same source. The poet may join the mystic in his retreat from the market place. Contemplative, the poet lives apart, on the outskirts. He has frequently lived on the edge of his century. If at times he has played the role of the legislator of the world, he has not done so as poet: Spenser had a castle in Ireland; Southwell, a prison cell. The brightest moments of the ages have been his reflections. Poetry is not giddiness; it is the hangover of ecstasy. Poetry is an echo of silence.

In holy silence much is done; in silence the Word was born. Silence has its own eloquence. It is not a contest. It is not a child's game to test how long one can keep from saying a word. Silence is listening. More is said in silence than we like to hear; speech is often an escape. Contemplatives, in cloister or cold-water flat, live in silence. They do not have to live under a rule that legislates silence to know what silence is, the deep stillness of waiting upon wisdom. Their silence is charity. They speak by silences. Their silence is neither dumbness nor despair; it signifies joy. The poem is a symbol of such joy.

The First Things

The first things abide,
The hunt for the captious word while the thing waits,
The ravenings that divide
The sight and bend you inward while the thing waits.
The old distrusts endure,
The always asking, "Soul, do you and the rose
Live, or do they lure
You to the thought, here wildly flowers a rose?"

The questions persevere
Even through manhood, the queries and the laughter,
The teasing, "Is it here
That you and the hound stood, dear shifting child of laughter?"
The driving love of the word,
Of aloneness, and of laughter,—Soul, these three
Form one clear dominant chord
To sound within you everlastingly.

JUSTIN PASCHAL

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Confrontation in the Council

GREGORY BAUM

SINCE MY LAST report two weeks ago, the Council has begun and ended the discussion on the government of the Church. Because these practical issues are closely related to the divine structure of the Church as taught in the schema *De Ecclesia*, it is not surprising that there was considerable disagreement among the Fathers. On October 30, the vast majority had expressed their conviction that the divine structure of the Church was collegial, while a small minority still insisted on its monarchical character.

The vote taken on that day had shown that more than eighty percent of the bishops believe Christ founded His Church on the Twelve with one of them, Peter, as their head, and that the bishops of the Church united with the pope, Peter's successor, are, as a body or college, the heirs of the Apostles. The vast majority of the Fathers believe that through episcopal consecration a man is joined to the episcopal college, shares from that moment the ministerial powers which Christ has given this college, and is therefore coresponsible for the life of the entire Church.

The pope is not alone in having universal responsibility in the Church. The bishops share it with him. If this doctrine is true, then the Roman Curia, which is the administrative body of the central ecclesiastical authority, does not stand between the pope and his bishops. On the contrary, it becomes the organ serving the pope as head of the episcopal college.

If Pope Paul would surround himself with a council or senate of bishops, this new body would be a sign and instrument of episcopal collegiality; it would therefore be superior to the Roman Congregations which have only an executive function. Though it has by no means been decided whether such a small council headed by the pope will have legislative power in the proper sense, or only be a consulting body assisting the pope in the exercise of his authority, it will in any case be a sign of collegiality and express the pope's wish to collaborate with his brothers in the episcopate. It will, therefore, necessarily be superior to the Roman Congregations.

It is not surprising, then, human nature being what it is, that many members of this Curia oppose the efforts to reconstitute the government of the Church in a way that would leave them with less power. This small but vocal group still rejects the doctrine of collegiality, or calls it uncertain. They feel that the vote which was taken on October 30 is not binding, that the bishops did not know what they were doing, and that the Theological Commission must now examine carefully whether the conviction of the bishops is tenable. Until now this opposition has found expression mainly within the Theological Commission. In previous reports, I have repeatedly referred to the difficulties in that body.

The whole matter was brought out on the floor very frankly by Cardinal Frings. The German Cardinal, Archbishop of Cologne, made two accusations. He declared that the Theological Commission was unwilling to follow the vote of the Council which indicated, not in a legally binding way, but clearly and strongly, the conviction of the Council Fathers. And secondly, since the subject under discussion was the government of the Church, in particular the relationship of the bishops to the Roman Congregations, the Cardinal used the occasion to criticize most severely the practices of the Holy Office. This was not a personal accusation against Cardinal Ottaviani, though he is the acting secretary of this Congregation. Cardinal Frings found fault with the structure of the institution itself: that its laws are secret, that men are condemned without a hearing, that neither bishops nor superiors are informed when a book for which they have granted permission is forbidden, that no appeals are possible, and last but not least that the infamous "secrecy" of the Holy Office creates fear and is unworthy of the Church.

Cardinal Ottaviani picked up the challenge rather ungraciously. He was, in fact, very annoyed. He said that the Pope was the head of the Holy Office and that therefore whoever attacked the practices of this institution attacked the Pope personally. With regard to the graver accusation of what was happening in his Theological Commission, he declared that the questions submitted to the vote of the Council had been produced by the Moderators who had no authority to do so—they should have come from the Theological Commission, and for that reason are in no way binding. Cardinal Browne, the vice president of the Commission, spoke next. Quietly and gently, in no way imitating the manner of his president, Cardinal Browne repeated the identical position: the meaning of the vote of October

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30 was not clear at all; the Theological Commission still has to examine and study the matter very carefully.

This dialogue on Friday morning, November 8, was about a very grave issue. The accusation regarding the Holy Office was of minor importance. Cardinal Ottaviani's defense that one could not criticize Roman Congregations, because this would imply a criticism of the Pope himself, was not taken seriously by anyone, especially since Pope Paul, in his speech, to the Curia prior to the Council, had pointed out the usefulness of criticism and the need to reflect on it. Everyone knows that we find in the Holy Office the last remnants of the infamous Inquisition. The Holy Office is the only court in the civilized world which has never published the laws according to which it operates. Since Cardinal Frings' courageous attack, several reform proposals for the Holy Office have been circulating among the Fathers; they have been signed and sent as petitions to the Pope.

CARDINAL Frings' second accusation was much more grave. The Theological Commission was indicted for regarding itself as superior to the Council. "They act," Cardinal Frings said, "as if they have access to a wisdom which is hidden from the Fathers of the Council." According to the divine constitution of the Church, however, it is the Council which acts as teacher and legislator. When the Council elects working commissions then these must serve the Council; they must try to formulate not their own convictions but the convictions of the Council Fathers. The matter is doctrinally so clear that Cardinal Ottaviani and Browne should have immediately declared that they realize full well the competence of the Council and that they have no intention of regarding themselves as superior to it. But to the astonishment of the Fathers, the two cardinals did not act in this way. On the contrary, they confirmed the accusation of Cardinal Frings that they looked upon themselves as the guardians of Catholic teaching and hence even as the conscience of the Council.

The position of Cardinals Ottaviani and Browne goes against the very nature of ecumenical councils. I am convinced, therefore, that the Pope will now have to act. Many Fathers, in fact, expected immediate changes. In the following congregation, on Monday, November 11, Cardinal Döpfner, one of the Moderators, justified the action of the Moderators in proposing the famous questions to the vote of the Council, gently mentioning as well that the Theological Commission had better serve the Council which had elected it.

Many of us expected more radical measures. The president of this Commission together with a small number of like-minded prelates had not only been responsible for producing entirely useless documents in the preparatory period, but had also prevented the present Commission from doing its work in formulating the convictions of the Fathers and amending the proposed schema according to the speeches on the floor of the Council. They would have had ample time to rewrite the important chapter on the ministerial hierarchy in the Church, including the doctrine of collegiality. This would have been the heart of the conciliar work. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that this delay is a calculated method of this tiny minority within the Theological Commission to obstruct the Council in its reforming action. All this is very serious.

The main theme of the discussion on ecclesiastical government was decentralization. The principle of subsidiarity must be expressed more clearly in the Church. But this is only possible if another principle is courageously applied, a principle called by Pope John "socialization." In order to decentralize the government of the Church at the Vatican, more power should be given, not to individual bishops in their dioceses, but rather, in matters of concern to a whole country, to the episcopal conferences. Many pastoral problems today are such that an individual bishop in his own diocese can no longer cope with them; and, hence, following the principle of socialization, the bishops should come together in association to act in common and to achieve collegially what they cannot do alone.

MANY voices were raised against giving episcopal conferences jurisdiction. They feared that this would infringe the freedom of individual bishops. But one wonders how decentralization can be effective if episcopal conferences will not, in some measure, assume the role of synods or provincial councils. If episcopal conferences do not enjoy the authority to make binding decisions in any clearly defined area, then they will simply increase the bureaucratic machinery of the Church, without taking away any of the administration and any of the power to make decisions which are exercised by the Roman Curia today.

A few days ago we heard what I consider, as far as form and delivery is concerned, the best intervention on the floor. Bishop Gerald McDevitt of Philadelphia gave a truly parliamentary speech. The great interventions of the leading Cardinals from the various parts of the world are either powerful declarations or clear

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expositions of biblical or theological truths. But Bishop McDevitt's speech would have been impressive in any parliament. Here was an Auxiliary Bishop speaking about the bad treatment which auxiliary bishops have received in the schema; and knowing that in his complaint he would have the mood of the Council against him, he used warm persuasion and irresistible logic, with modesty and wit. He pointed out to the Fathers that the vote of October 30 had shown that, according to the vast majority, episcopal consecration, and not jurisdiction over a diocese, made men into members of the episcopal college and that, therefore, auxiliary bishops are truly bishops and should be allowed to exercise their coresponsibility for the Church universal and regional. Bishop McDevitt convinced the Fathers that this was not simply a matter important to auxiliaries, but that it touched the very notion of episcopacy. I believe that this single speech, which was interrupted by applause, not only brought about the correction of the text, but also gave the Fathers a more intelligent and practical grasp of the meaning of collegiality.

The reason why I found this speech significant and why I report it in this context is that here emerged the particular genius of the English-speaking peoples: their democratic bent, their desire to persuade others, rather than to win an argument by assertion. As I have mentioned above, many bishops are fearful of episcopal conferences with jurisdiction because this would create national or regional Curias at home and make the Church more authoritarian in our countries. It is my conviction, however, that if such a Curia did exist on the North American continent, handling the common problems for an episcopal synod and under its supervision, the whole character of the Catholic Church, after one generation, would become more democratic in our countries, as democratic as the divine structure of the Church permits. Until now the men who exercise authority in the Church have received their training in Rome or in other parts of Europe, and they have inherited the authoritarian ways of governing which we take for granted as being simply Catholic, while they are actually only one possible style of exercising power in the Church. Decentralization will eventually permit the particular genius of the English-speaking nations to express itself in the forms and ways of governing the Church, in which the bishops hold their authority from God.

The next schema to be discussed will be on ecumenism. It includes three chapters on the ecumenical movement among Christian Churches, a fourth chapter on the Church's relationship to the people of the Old Testament, and a fifth chapter on religious liberty, a very important document and one that will have many practical consequences for the life of the Church. I believe it will be approved.

THE SCREEN

Bleak Week

THIS IS not exactly a cheery week for reviewers. Most of the new films we have to cover are on the so-so side, and their subject matters are even more gloomy. Best of the lot is "Naked Autumn," a handsomely photographed French picture about a couple in their forties whose ten-year marriage has become a rather depressing affair, as depressing, in fact, as the rainy autumnal countryside where they now reside. They cling together but bicker continuously. The husband, well played by handsome Reginald Kernan, lives in the memories of his more glamorous car-racing and woman-chasing days. While the wife, superbly played by Simone Signoret in another of her impeccable performances, laments her lost youth and fading marriage; she turns to drinking and gambling with a vehemence that only makes the situation worse.

When both the husband and wife are attracted to the young new schoolteacher (Alexandra Stewart)—he, seeing a likely conquest; she, re-living her own past in the girl's haystack love affair—it looks for a while as if their marriage may rekindle. The girl is attracted to the sophisticated, weary couple, but they use her almost in the manner of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," and the triangle ends, as perhaps it should, on an even glummer note.

Director François Leterrier has handled his cast and the Roger Vailland screenplay with great skill, but he forgets, in showing us scene after scene of the wife's drinking, the husband's tiresome racing talk, the bleak landscapes, that there's a certain realistic dullness to all this; and we grow as restless and fed up as his good cast. Signoret's admirers will be thrilled by her first-rate portrayal of a near-alcoholic, but anyone who knows how boring alcoholics can be will find the film more boring than entertaining.

ONE CAN see what producers Blake Edwards and Martin Jurow and director Ralph Nelson were getting at in "Soldier in the Rain," but their well-meant efforts don't quite come off. The sweet-sad story, based on the novel by William Goldman, concerns a heart-warming friendship between two sergeants in a southern army camp. The roles are effectively played by Jackie Gleason, as the fat, very bright, somewhat lonely master sergeant, and Steve McQueen, as the muscular, wheeler-dealer-type supply sergeant who lives on dreams of the glorious future that he and his friend will have when they get out of the army. But Gleason, who has often been hurt in his forty years, is afraid of going out into the world. McQueen is determined to build up Gleason's ego and even introduces him to a girl (Tuesday

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Weld), a dumb-bunny who calls him fat-boy at first and then learns to respect his kindness and his intelligence.

"Soldier in the Rain" has many amusing moments and many quite touching scenes, but the film as a whole is poorly planned, as if some of its scenes and explanations were missing; and some of the characters like those two M.P.s who engage Steve and Jackie in a brutal fight are almost without motivation. The picture's finale, however, is heart-breaking without being over-sentimental. Audiences who like little movies done with amusing tenderness and no great splash should find this "Soldier" right up their alley.

IT IS unfortunate that producers William Perlberg and George Seaton cast bright, shining, clean Richard Chamberlain (TV's Dr. Kildare, the idol of teenagers and many adults too) in his first movie-starring role as the lawyer-hero of a seamy courtroom drama. Chamberlain is still handsome and well-scrubbed and plays the young-lawyer role well, but the story in which he defends the murderer (Nick Adams) of the town's leading citizen, is such an unpleasant, sensational affair that it's designed neither for teenagers nor adults. It turns out that the murdered man, an aging lecher, was determined to prove he was not becoming impotent; he found the wife (Joey Heatherton) of the accused killer a willing partner. The film has some suspense, but most of the proceedings are so obvious that one can hardly take them seriously. "Anatomy of a Murder" did it better.

I SUPPOSE "Billy Liar" is supposed to be a comedy. It tells a sort of Walter Mitty story about an irresponsible dreamer who escapes from reality by lying and dreaming. But the English movie, written by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall from their play which was based on Waterhouse's novel, is such a dreary affair that it's neither funny nor interesting. Billy, played by Tom Courtenay without any of the charm or imagination he exhibited in "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner," is a clerk in an undertaker's office, and his fantasies run the range as revolutionary, writer, lover, and even president of Ambrosia. His dreams often push him into lies; and of course he gets trapped from time to time—as when he is engaged to two girls and then meets a third girl who really steals his heart. This third girl, played by Julie Christie, is lovely; and when she fails to persuade Billy to accompany her to London and escape from the uninteresting Northern England city where the action takes place, one can only say "lucky she."

"Billy Liar" starts out promisingly enough, but its promise peters out, and one is never quite sure whether all its disjointed episodes are normal daydreams or the wanderings of a neurotic who should hurry to the nearest psychiatrist. Billy doesn't hurry anywhere. He stays home—and in Ambrosia. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

Weep No More for Brecht

IF THERE were any lingering fantasies along Broadway that Brecht could be made to pay, the catastrophe of "Arturo Ui," taken off the boards before a week had passed, should have settled the matter for good. There is certainly nothing to mourn in this; at least the air is clear now, and it is probably the first reason we have had to be grateful to David Merrick in his entire career.

Broadway has always suspected that if you do Brecht right you will lose the mass audience, but now, after last season's "Mother Courage" and Mr. Merrick's abortive "Arturo Ui," it presumably realizes that if you do him wrong you will lose everybody. This is not to say that the commercial theater has any choice: it only knows how to do Brecht wrong, as it only knows how to do any uncomfortable, more-than-routine playwright wrong. But we can be confident that it isn't going to try to get away with it in Brecht's case for a long time to come.

Brecht is simply not wanted on Broadway and there is no way to make him palatable. The entrepreneurs are surely correct in thinking that their pleasure-seeking middle-class audiences will not tolerate a dramatist who offends them technically as well as spiritually, in their taste, expectations, self-esteem, image of each other and sense of the way the world goes. So why should we lament these failures and travesties of production? Is it anything but a gain to see Brecht drop out of the hands of the packagers, to be picked up eventually, we may hope, by other hands which will know what to do with what they have? When and if we have an equipped, viable, continuous non-commercial but professional theater whose precise reason for being is to do Brecht and his peers with fidelity and imagination, we will possess him again. Meanwhile, let us pray that this will be the last post mortem.

"Arturo Ui" is one of Brecht's distinctly lesser works, a self-styled "gangster show" which he wrote in 1941 but which remained unproduced until after his death in 1956. It is an almost exact parallel of Hitler's rise to power, set in the Chicago of the late twenties and early thirties and told in terms of a mobster who in alliance with local businessmen organizes a protection racket and fastens his grip on the city. Throughout, the events are the central ones of Hitler's early career—his dealings with Hindenburg, the Reichstag fire, the murder of Ernst Roehm and his SS lieutenants, the

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undermining and later annexation of Austria. In case anyone misses the parallels, they are spelled out in titles flashed on a screen after every scene.

As an historical document "Arturo Ui" suffers from the reductiveness of which Brecht so frequently was guilty; his businessmen play too large a role, anti-Semitism and the general irrationality of Nazi modes and attitudes play too little. As a drama it suffers from an uncertainty of tone and wobbliness of mood, from an obviousness of strategy and, most centrally, from its very desire to appropriate history in order to warn against its perversions—the play's full title is "The *Resistible Rise* of Arturo Ui." What this means is that if it is going to work at all it has to be given an especially brilliant and inventive production, one that imposes a definite stylized line, such a production as the one the Berliner Ensemble, where it is now a centerpiece of the repertory, has been giving it. One European critic described that production as being fugue-like, precise and abstract, while Kenneth Tynan, in a complementary response, said that it added to the script "a fever, a venom and a fury."

The Broadway offering may be said to have added to the script a head-cold, a bad taste and an irritability. It was a masterly demonstration of the theatrical arts at war with one another and an incomparable illustration of how to divide the responsibility for an assassination. That hetman of dramatic emasculation, George Tabori, has rendered Brecht's language into an American idiom, the subtlety and contemporaneity of which should be sufficiently indicated by "that's the way the cookie crumbles" and "when ya gotta go, ya gotta go." Tony Richardson, who is rapidly becoming the Cecil B. DeMille of the serious theater, directed the work in seven different styles, with seven different moods and paces, and one consistent belief—that if you make enough irrelevant noise and blink enough lights people will think that something important is happening. And Jule Styne wrote a Tin Pan Alleyist's notion of a Brechtian score, tuneless, pseudo-ragtimey, excitable, something superbly suited to a white matron's plans for a mad, mad party up in Harlem.

How it was allowed to happen we shall never know, but out of the carnage rose Christopher Plummer's diverting performance in the title role. It may not have been what Brecht had in mind, but to have been faithful to Brecht when all around were playing Benedict Arnold would have made the evening more of a disaster than it was. In any case, Plummer took off on his own, playing Ui with Chaplinesque gestures and Runyonish speech, inventing as he went along, antic, telling and original. He could no more hold up the play than Tabori or Richardson could let it go, but he left an image in the memory that wiped out perhaps a quarter of the pain. (*Closed at the Lunt-Fontanne*)

RICHARD GILMAN

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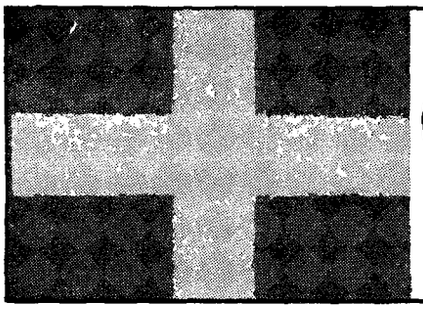

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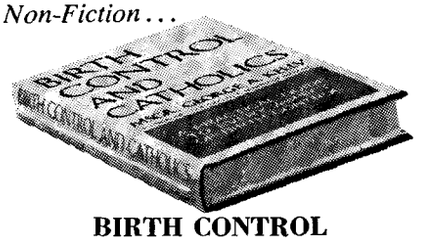

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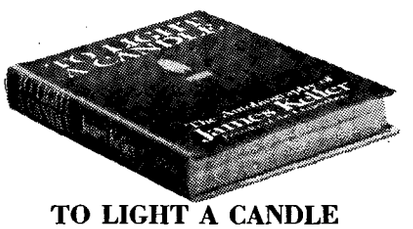

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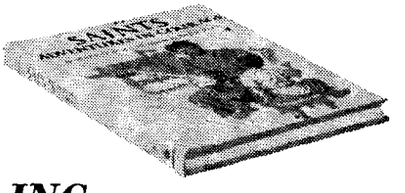

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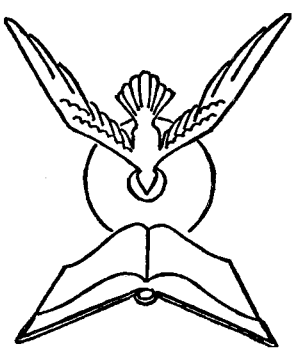

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Critics' Choices for Christmas

THOMAS CURLEY

Let me begin with a quotation: "Hence, the search for motives, the demand that everybody display in public his innermost motivation, since it actually demands the impossible, transforms all actors into hypocrites; the moment the display of motives begins, hypocrisy begins to poison all human relations. The effort, moreover, to drag the dark and the hidden into the light of day can only result in an open and blatant manifestation of those acts whose very nature makes them seek the protection of darkness; it is, unfortunately, in the essence of these things that every effort to make goodness manifest in public ends with the appearance of crime and criminality on the political scene. In politics, more than anywhere else, we have no possibility of distinguishing between being and appearance. In the realm of human affairs, being and appearance are indeed one and the same."

The words are from Hannah Arendt's *On Revolution* (Viking, $6.50), a book that has been neglected partly because the seemingly more topical and more controversial *Eichmann in Jerusalem* followed so soon after it. Those who know Miss Arendt's work, whether they be for or against it, do not need to be persuaded of her relevance. It is unfortunate, however, that she is known of but not known by many readers of some discrimination.

All Honorable Men. By Walter Goodman (Little Brown, $5.95) is a sprightly account of recent scandals in business, government and the mass media, particularly the rigging of the quiz shows. Goodman's book is without cant, and it shows in some detail the dangers of making "sincerity" a public virtue. The title is only indirectly from Shakespeare; directly it is from Professor Bergen Evans' description of the T. V. producers he knew.

The death of the novel, like the death of God, is a theme guaranteed to show a critic's candor and profundity. And yet, going back only to the end of the war, the novels worth re-rereading probably have it four or five to one on the "non-fiction," an instructive category.

John Updike's *The Centaur* (Knopf, $4) still seems to me a significant advance on his first two novels. The style is a bit high, but it's his, and it does not seem to inhibit his intelligence.

I have only recently read Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* (Simon and Shuster, $5.95), which was published last year. Mrs. Lessing's short stories have not often appealed to me, but her novel is something to marvel at. Several women have assured me it's a great book and I don't have the temerity to dispute them.

One Million Dead (Doubleday, $7.50) is the second volume of Jose Maria Gironella's trilogy on the Spanish Civil War. I cannot recommend this work in progress too highly, yet one should read *The Cypresses Believe in God* before the present volume. By way of comparing the different qualities of fiction and history, one could do worse than keep Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War* as a companion volume.

PHILIP DEASY

The Great Hunger. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. Harper & Row. $6.95. "No coloring can deepen the blackness of truth," one investigator of Ireland's famine wrote back to England in January, 1847. Mrs. Woodham-Smith's masterly, almost overpowering, account of Ireland from 1845-49 never succumbs to the weakness of "coloring." The *Great Hunger* is an altogether extraordinary blending of impeccable scholarship, narrative skill and lucidity of style magically informed with compassion and sincerity.

The Dyer's Hand. By W. H. Auden. Random House. $7.50. Mr. Auden opens this collection of essays with the observation, "The interests of a writer and of his readers are never the same, and if on occasion, they happen to coincide, this is a lucky accident." *The Dyer's Hand* is an exhilarating "think-fest," a romp through the world of ideas. Mr. Auden has all the skill and forcefulness necessary to bring about any number of the lucky accidents he refers to above.

The Unicorn. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $5. In the current dearth of readable novels, Miss Murdoch's art is a refreshing reminder that at least some fiction continues to illustrate the old-fashioned novelistic virtues of narrative pace, ingenuity of plot and suspense along with penetrating insight into the mysteries of oneself. *The Unicorn* is an epistemological thriller, the kind, perhaps, that only a professional philosopher with the creative imagination of a novelist could write successfully.

The Community of Scholars. By Paul Goodman. Random House. $3.95. Mr. Goodman's way of writing about higher education can be unreservedly recommended as the surest antidote to the platitudinous and tired stuff so often written about what's wrong with our colleges. The "simple" and "modest" proposal *The Community of Scholars* makes to remedy conditions is radical and probably unworkable. It's the kind of proposal, however, that will generate the right kind of thought and shake up the right kind of people.

Newman: Light in Winter. By Meriol Trevor. Doubleday. $7.95. This is the second volume of Miss Trevor's life of Newman. Those who read the first *(Newman: Pillar of the Cloud)* will not have to be urged to read the second. Miss Trevor is a superbly gifted biographer. The great wealth of detail she adds to what we already know about Newman, her insights, powers of analysis, command of language, and above all else, the profound love and admiration she has for her subject, make her two volumes an outstanding writing achievement.

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It's true that paperbacks are beginning to seem like less and less of a bargain as prices go up, but they are still cheaper than hard covers—and when they have been long out of print, as is the first book on my list, they are especially welcome.

Maria Cross. By Conor Cruise O'Brien. Academy Guild Press. $2.75. This book, subtitled "Imaginative Patterns in a Group of Catholic Writers" was first published in 1952 under the pseudonym of Donat O'Donnell. Mr. O'Brien, who has participated in great events since that time, has added a short pleasant preface to this edition, two reviews of later Greene books and an article on Claudel written after his death. But the real value of the book still rests on the brilliant, if sometimes skewed criticism of Mauriac, Bernanos, Waugh, O'Faolain, Péguy, Bloy and the two writers already mentioned. The book is a pleasure to read again—or for the first time.

The Drama of Atheistic Humanism. By Henri de Lubac, S.J. Meridian. $1.95. This book, too, has been out of print for some time and has managed to survive handsomely some intellectual fads that have appeared since its first publication. "Contemporary atheism," Father de Lubac writes, "is increasingly positive, organic, constructive." From the philisophical systems of Comte, of Feuerbach and Marx, of Nietzsche, he attempts to disengage those elements which the Christian should claim as his own. His criticism is sympathetic, his task constructive, his views persuasive.

The Other America. By Michael Harrington. Penguin. $.95. This rather brief, impressionistic, moving book has done more to make people aware of the vast extent of poverty in the United States than a number of academic, statistically buttressed books that have appeared in recent years. In spite of the affluent society many millions of our citizens live in abject, depressive poverty; because they exist in an affluent society the moral charge is the more grave.

Pale Fire. By Vladimir Nabokov. Lancer Books. $.50. This book probably needs no more publicity but if anyone has been resisting the mounting enthusiasm for Nabokov, resist no longer. Aside from its other undeniable merits this is one of the funniest books one is likely to read.

Christianity and Revolution. By Leslie Dewart. Herder and Herder. $5.50. Aside from its close study of the Cuban revolution this book (not a paperback, I should add) is valuable for its analysis of total war, nuclear deterrents, and the relation of Christianity to all three. Not all will accept Mr. Dewart's strongly argued views, but if not they will find their own severely challenged.

ROBERT T. FRANCOEUR

Letters from Vatican City. By Xavier Rynne. Farrar, Straus. $3.95. *Pope, Council and World.* By Robert Kaiser. Macmillan. $4.95. The now classic Xavier Rynne articles in the *New Yorker* and the companion volume by *Time* magazine's Robert Kaiser may not be the most scholarly or historically accurate of the many reports stirred into print by the Johannine reform, but no intelligent Catholic can deny the crucial role they played in opening up the Council's activities to the world. Unparalleled in the history of the Church, this use of the secular press and its impact on ecclesiastical procedures make these two books a must, if only for the reason that they prepare the reader for an intelligent appraisal of the human element in the Church and for the critical thinking required of the post-Johannine Catholic.

Matter and Spirit. By R. C. Zaehner. Harper & Row. $3.50. This fine example of the new trend in creative and explorative ecumenical thought is a confrontation and comparison of oriental religions, Communist philosophy and the evolutionary synthesis of Pere Teilhard de Chardin. Zaehner's startling, thought-provoking and challenging approach may leave a few too many loose ends, yet it also may open up many new avenues for fruitful thought and doctrinal clarifications on such timely topics as sin, the fall and future of man.

Life Against Death, The Psycho-

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analytical Meaning of History. By Norman O. Brown. Wesleyan University Press. $6.50. This is an equally tentative but just as challenging exploration into uncharted fields. Breaking out of the traditional Freudian boundaries, the author searches the whole area of human nature, the meaning of human life and history, culture, literature, religion, economics and mysticism in this study which does not seek to be "right" all the time, though in most cases the iconoclastic and shocking turns out to be quite right on second thought.

Sunday Morning Crisis: Renewal in Catholic Worship. Edited by Robert Hovda. Helicon. $3.95. This is an unusually articulate collection of essays by top-ranking experts on the American scene. Every phase of the liturgical problem is examined, from music and art (Rambusch and Weiler), the incarnation of the parish structure (Joseph Connolly), "what is being done" (Frederick McManus), to the missal and the Eucharistic sacrifice (Dannemiller and Reinhold).

The Psychology of Loving. By Ignace Lepp. Helicon. $4.95. The vast library of books by Catholics on love and marriage is little consolation or help to the thinking man living in the twentieth century since most of what has been written either misses the practical points completely to become engrossed in the pietistic or cripples its message with a language meaningless to the reader. Ignace Lepp is the rare example of a priest who writes intelligently on love and marriage, perhaps because he was ordained quite late in life and still labors as a practicing psychiatrist. Every form of love and affective temperament is focused on in this unique volume; interesting, frank, lively, and very enlightening.

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

The Representative. By Rolf Hochhuth, Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. 25s. That the author of this work has been the intended victim of the clumiest hatchet job since the launching of the legend of Pope Joan makes it all the more imperative that his drama should be read or played, and that Catholics particularly should not let propagandists or vilifiers shape their opinions of a book which asks the crucial question of our time, the question of the supremacy of the person over the institution. The complicity of an Eichmann leaves most of us unscathed; the possible complicity in genocide of a universally admired religious leader raises for each of us the issue of the irrelevance of organized religion to the modern world. As I have noted elsewhere, Hochhuth's handling of the issue is marred; but his having aired it can only be applauded. This play is the *Attack upon Christendom* of the twentieth century. For all our sakes it should not be silenced.

Loaves and Fishes. By Dorothy Day. $4.95. Harper & Row. The heroes of one's student days usually wear out in a decade or so. This is not true of Dorothy Day; she is still on pilgrimage, and those who have followed with her seem to have been shaped for life. The Catholic Worker

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movement is the diaconate of the priesthood of the laity, and its history is told here with the same modest yet aggressive passion which has made its founder the most admired sign of contradiction in American Catholicism.

Catholic Thought in Crisis. By Peter Riga. Bruce. $3.50. It is illustrative of the celibate *Denkform*, which is the matrix of our moral thinking, that a divorced candidate for President can be decried as immoral and unworthy, while his opponent who wants to "risk a test of strength" with the Soviet Union and who is on record as being "against all disarmament" is judged a model of righteousness. Books like Father Riga's may help preserve us against such distorted and disembodied moral judgment by instructing us in a theology of "terrestrial realities," in a theology which is wed to the pragma of history. Though his is only a brief sketch it does provide a popular introduction to the best work being done by those incarnational theologians who are dissatisfied with the "celestial theology" which has been imposed on us tellurians from on high. Since this latter has usually been seminary theology as well, it is encouraging to note that Father Riga is a seminary professor.

Christianity and Revolution. By Leslie Dewart. Herder and Herder. $5.50. Though I had a negligible part in the preparation of this book, it would be a grievous abridgement of common sense if I let that prevent me from saying that I consider this the most important work on the relation of Catholicism to international politics which has yet appeared anywhere; that it will be translated into every major language may indicate that this is not a subjective judgment. Dewart shows that the demission of Cuban ecclesiastics in the face of the Castro revolution is a symptom of the possible failure of the universal Church to fulfill its mission in a divided world. The steps he suggests to forestall this failure strike me as extremely prudent.

Breakthrough To Peace. Edited by Thomas Merton. New Directions. $1.95. This is much more authentically ecumenical work than are many books explicitly devoted to the "dialogue." Non-Catholic Christians, agnostics, and Catholics here converge in criticism of current cold-war policies. The approach is from many directions, moral, strategic, political, psychological; and the individual articles are all the more important because they contain the essence of arguments to be found in the full-length treatments of such varied specialists as Erich Fromm, Gordon Zahn, Joost Merloo, Tom Stonier, Walter Stein, and Jerome Frank. Of the ever-growing number of collections on this subject which Americans have edited this is by far the best. One would like now to see it followed up by the editor's own book on morality and the strategy of nuclear warfare.

SISTER MARIS STELLA

Scholars and Mystics. By Sister Mary Jeremy, O.P. Regnery. $4.50. This book gives a convincing picture of life in the medieval monastery of Helfta as reflected in the lives of four of its greatest daughters, among them, St. Mechtild von Hackenborn and St. Gertrude the Great. More than half of the book is devoted to the learned mystic, St. Gertrude, a woman of her age who found it natural to describe her inner life in vivid allegory. Certainly she dispels the idea that medieval women were ignorant and spiritless. Sister Mary Jeremy writes with rare insight and perception as well as thorough scholarship.

Searcher of Majesty. By Solange Hertz. Newman. $4.75. This collection of essays by an enlightened housewife is a challenge to women to be themselves; to realize their deepest potentialities; to use their minds and thus to save their minds as well as their souls. It is not a call for career women or for housewives with outside interests, but rather for the rediscovery of women as "the interior sex." Mrs. Hertz urges upon women the necessity of living interior lives if they and those dependent on them are to escape "the horrors of our time." She gives a heartening answer to such a book as *The Feminine Mystique* and others

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which seem to imply that the educated homemaker's only hope for mental health is through escape from her home.

The Nun in the World. By Cardinal Suenens. Newman. $1.95. What many nuns have been anxiously hoping for is outlined here, not by the feminine mind always highly suspect in a masculine world, but rather by an eminent churchman. It should give us hope. Cardinal Suenens has stated with honesty and great charity the problems confronting the active religious woman in the modern world. He has also suggested satisfactory solutions to these problems: adequate professional training of sisters; apostolic formation and formation in genuine spirituality; development of the natural virtues; and adaptation of rule and custom to facilitate apostolic service to the lay community. He is keenly aware of feminine psychology, of the consequent necessity for sensitive direction and education of the heart as well as the head.

The Girls of Slender Means. By Muriel Spark. Knopf. $3.95. As one might expect, this is clever writing, but it leaves the reader asking questions: Is the conversion of Nicholas convincing? Is the girl chanting the psalter as the others escape from the burning house selfless, or is she merely caught up in the madness of the moment and the hypnotic rhythms of her own voice? Is there hope, or is hope an illusion? Miss Spark is shrewd, satirical and technically sure of herself. What will she do next?

Joanna and Ulysses. By May Sarton. Ill. by James J. Spanfeller. W. W. Norton. $3.95. The setting of this tale is a radiant Aegean island where Joanna, who paints only during her holidays, meets as engaging a donkey as ever trotted through the pages of a book. Because of him, father and daughter—both of them completely individual but in different ways—are forced to come to terms with the imperative of being themselves. Miss Sarton's way of seeing is poetic and uniquely her own.

Water, Rock and Sand. By Peter Levi, S.J., Dufour Editions. $3.50. Each poem is distinguished by sensitive vision and disciplined technique. Peter Levi sees with the eyes of the spirit as well as with the bodily eyes. He is passionately at one with the beauty of the earth; with the suffering of men; with the moral beauty of man's inner landscape. His gift is pure and genuine.

LEONARD F. X. MAYHEW

The Girls of Slender Means. By Muriel Spark. Knopf. $3.95. The dazzling pyrotechnics of Muriel Spark's writing demand no recommendation, only homage. They illuminate, in this intensely concise novel, not only comedy, wit, satire, but compassion and a sense of awe before the inscrutable twistings of destiny. Maybe there is a writer who can compel English words to do cleverer tricks than Miss Spark's, but I don't know who it might be.

The First day of Friday. By Honor Tracy. Random House. $4.95. Between the stubborn relics of Anglo-Irish suzerainty and the tenacious quondam "natives," presently masters

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of the Irish Republic, Honor Tracy's humor eddies, crisscrosses and bubbles over into the nigh, but not quite, incredible. Within a tightly circumscribed setting she has created a world of discontent and delight, madness and melancholy. Her sympathy rests perhaps a trifle too heavily on the hard-up scions of the landowner class. The brightness of her tale, however, carries all before it irresistibly.

The Church: Readings in Theology. Compiled at The Canisianum, Innsbruck. Foreword by Gustave Weigel. Kenedy. $4.95. The key element of recent progress in Catholic theology (and of the ultimate impact of Vatican II) is the laborious re-examination of the concept of the Church. This book contains fourteen essays concerned with this venture in introspection, only two of which might prove too technical for the ambitious non-theologian. They were authored by twelve outstanding contemporary theologians and collected specifically for an American audience. They are recommended in this context because Catholic renewal inevitably depends on a solid graft of theological thought into the culture and concern of the informed layman.

The Price of Glory: Verdun 1916. By Alistair Horne. St. Martin's Press. $5.95. The Western Front and the bomb of Hiroshima will stand as symbols of madness and war until they are surpassed and symbols can serve no purpose. Alistair Horne has brilliantly chronicled the most bloody and futile battle of the First World War. It was the debut of mass slaughter, of poison gas, of strategic air battles, of man fighting monster not man. It has been recorded, we hope, *in perpetuam rei memoriam.*

JOHN P. SISK

Crowds and Power. By Elias Canetti. Trans. by Carol Stewart. Viking. $7.50. Mr. Canetti's long, often poetical and more often chilling study of power could only have been written by a European who had observed the accumulation and devastating release of power in the twentieth century. As a handbook for aspiring manipulators of crowds, it has, no doubt, great practical value; but it has much greater value for those who are wary of the manipulators. I would especially recommend this book to anyone interested in the psychology of the hero, whether he is found in fact or fiction.

The Mind of the Catholic Layman. By Daniel Callahan. Scribner's. $3.95 It is a pleasure to find such an important subject handled with such distinction. Already it is hard to understand how we got along without this book for so long. In his chapter "Changing Church, Changing Layman" Mr. Callahan remarks that "the time lag between the creative work of the theologian and its direct influence on the lives of ordinary Catholics is becoming shorter." Let us hope that there will be little time lag between the publication of his book and its influence on the minds of both clergy and laity.

The Night Battle. By J. M. Cameron. Helicon. $4.95. I hope that those Commonweal readers who have enjoyed Mr. Cameron's reports from Great Britain are aware of this book. The twelve essays in *The Night Battle* range over politics, philosophy, semantics and poetry and are written in a style notable for clarity, grace and a tough intellectual subtlety. American Catholics —particulary those who have accomplished the considerable feat of reconciling their Catholicism with right-wing radicalism—need to read what Mr. Cameron has to say on the political mythology of Catholicism. Americans generally need to read what he has to say about the problems of Communist language.

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life. By Richard Hofstadter. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95. It is hard to imagine how anyone else could have covered this subject as thoroughly, gracefully and fairly as Professor Hofstadter has. He studies anti-intellectualism historically in the categories of religion, education, politics, labor, business and industry, and devotes a long section to the position of intellect in the post-war world. The book puts current left-wing-right-wing tensions in their proper historical context, and among

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other things makes clear how much Senator Goldwater has going for him. Indeed, so inclusive is the subject that there is scarcely a conflict in our national life that the book does not throw light on.

The Great Hunger. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. Harper and Row. $6.95. This shattering account of the Irish Potato Famine is pre-eminently a book for our times since it is a book about the pressure of the poor and the ease with which ordinary good people are able to use sanctified theories to protect themselves from that pressure. It comes too close for comfort to being a companion volume to Miss Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem.* The reader who is simply left angry with the British has missed the point: he should have been left with a sense of guilt for his own high-minded and theory-sanctioned toleration of the potato famines in his own particular world.

LEO R. WARD

Faith and Prejudice. By Bernard E. Olson. Yale. $7.50. This book is an examination, from curricular teaching materials and in a spirit of ecumenism, of how Protestants see Catholics and Jews in America. It was difficult to write, partly because Protestant doctrine is so diversified and has to be broken down into fundamentalist, conservative, neo-orthodox, and liberal, and because now and then these groups change places. It is hard to read, too, but worth some effort. The sequels are to be on expressions of Catholic and of Jewish prejudice.

The Miseducation of American Teachers. By James D. Koerner. Houghton-Mifflin. $4.95. *The Education of American Teachers.* By James B. Conant. McGraw. $5. Koerner and Conant have given the U. S. public by far the most searching criticism of how we educate our teachers. Probably everyone except a few in what Koerner calls "the Establishment" will welcome the criticism since it is done with knowledge, sympathy and concern and is followed by many suggestions for improvement. The effect may be compared to that achieved by Flexner's criticism a generation ago of American medical education.

Civil Liberties and the Constitution. By Paul G. Kauper. University of Michigan. $6. A great merit of Dr. Kauper's work is that an expert is speaking in a way that the layman can understand—on civil liberties, obscenity and censorship, and "Church and State: Co-operative Separatism." The last named chapter is one of the best treatments of church, state, and school.

Jacques Maritain: The Man and His Achievement. Edited by Joseph W. Evans. Sheed and Ward. $5. This work was well planned and well organized, and is a good introduction to the thought of Maritain. As Yves Simon said in his wonderful chapter, one needs a tutor who has lived inside Maritain's thought. Among other distinguished chapters are those by James Collins, Wallace Fowlie, Charles Journet, and Charles O'Donnell, and I think the most germinal is that by Father William

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Rossner on love in the thought of Maritain.

What I Believe. By Francois Mauriac. Farrar, Straus. $3.95. What Mauriac says is what he has lived: the faith that Christ is true God come into the world and, through the Church remains with us. Mauriac believes as he did when a child, and yet he has appreciated all the difficulties proposed for half a century. A delightful book.

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The Prototype of the Modern European

Goethe: A Psychoanalytic Study. 1775-1786. By K. R. Eissler. 2 volumes. Wayne State University Press. $35.

by Karl Stern

PSYCHOANALYSIS has its historical roots in the field of *Geisteswissenschaften* as much as in the field of natural sciences. In Freud's work there is surprisingly little influence of the academic psychology of his day which was sterile in comparison with the intuitive psychology of the great poets of the past. Hence scattered observations gleaned from Shakespeare, Goethe, Dostoevsky, and E. T. A. Hoffmann have furnished more proof to psychoanalytic theory than the collected works of Lotze and Wundt, to say nothing of the minor "school psychologists" of Freud's time.

It was a two-way traffic: Freud also applied psychoanalytic concepts to elucidate the enigma of creative genius, for instance in his studies on Leonardo and on Dostoevsky. All this fitted in with a remarkable cultural phenomenon: to many outstanding physicians of the Austria of that time, medicine, far from being a matter of circumscribed technique, was part of a system of values in which the aesthetic played an important role. (The great surgeon Billroth was a friend of Brahms and an accomplished musician in his own right; the playwright and novelist Schnitzler was a physician.) One cannot understand the evolution of psychoanalysis without seeing it against this cultural background. A historian of literature finds extraordinary source material in the early volumes of the *Psychoanalytische Almanach* and *Imago*.

The present work has been carried out, as though in continuation of all this. It presents a psychoanalytic study on ten years of Goethe's life in 1538 pages. The sheer bulk—the number of bibliographic references and annotations (all quotations are reproduced in the original German in footnotes)—provokes a nostalgia for that thoroughness for which studies from the Germanic countries used to be famous. In spite of innumerable facets of purely literary and historical interest, the main emphasis here remains on the psychoanalytic.

The author follows a theory, first put forward by Otto Rank, that one of the decisive unconscious conflicts in Goethe's life was an incestuous love for his sister Cordelia. It would be impossible, in the framework of a review, to go into all the other aspects of Eissler's interpretation. Here is a work of literary search which comes as close to the live psychoanalytic procedure as anything ever can—*in absentia* of the subject.

Not a line of Goethe's literary output or of correspondence is neglected, and the smallest scrap of evidence is followed to the last ramification of meaning. Some of the merely anecdotal is presented with humor and the relish of the *raconteur*—just enough to counteract the tedium of heavy factual accumulation.

Many puzzles in Goethe's personality thus become more understandable: the glittering multiplicity of appearance which was not only a question of universal gift, but also of role-playing; the apparent coldness, on occasion, in the face of suffering —so strange in someone who had the talent of great intuition and who had "eaten his bread with tears"; the tragic manichaean dichotomy between the "pure" and the "sexual" that marked Goethe's relationship to women.

Eissler presents also a theory of artistic creativeness, from the breaking-points in the artist's lifeline—creativeness as a psychotic equivalent, as it were. This idea should be further pursued. For it seems to me that the observation applies only to that which we call the "romantic" in art.

And in fact, if one did pursue the idea one might throw more light on the entire problem of "classic" vs. "romantic." We deepen our understanding of Chopin or of Wagner if we know which work has been created at which moment of life:

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the creative act flows from the source of conflict.

But the most detailed scrutiny of the lives of Bach or Mozart would never add one iota to the "understanding" of their work. Franz Strauss (the father of Richard) once took the trouble to calculate how long it would take a mere copyist to copy out Mozart's work, and he found out that Mozart's life span was just barely enough. And there is no evidence of any tie between Mozart's personal life and the content of his art. The same is true about Bach—if we speak of personal life in terms of conflict. In other words, the classical is created, as though the artist were an accidental vessel, an objective *artisan*. In contrast to the romantic, it is created in the stream of anonymity which characterizes Greek sculpture and Gothic cathedrals (and a lot of contemporary technology and architecture). In this sense Goethe stood, like Beethoven, on the watershed between the "classical" and the "romantic."

Whether Dr. Eissler's psychoanalytic interpretation of Goethe's strange and vehement polemic against Newton (in the "Theory of Colors") is correct, is impossible for me to say. But there is no doubt that Goethe's prejudice against the exact sciences—so foolish in a man of such vast intelligence—was due to a prophetic anticipation of the destructiveness immanent in modern positivism. He simply overshot the mark, as did Wordsworth and Blake. The only thing wrong with Goethe's theory of colors is that he presented it as *opposed* to Newton's instead of complementary to it. For even here he anticipated the Twentieth Century: Goethe's theory of colors is phenomenology rather than physics.

Invariably, in works of this kind, one is at odds with the author when he goes beyond the attempt at psychoanalytic interpretation and introduces his own philosophy. We encounter here a lot of speculation as to why Goethe—"the prototype of the modern European"—has not yet fully won victory over belief in the reality of "medieval symbolism," why he succumbed to "regression to a former belief." "Those features in modern science that were destined to cause and necessitate in a break with the idea of God, he could not integrate, and they remained alien to him."

Which features? In fact, it can be shown that just in his platonic realism and his fight against scientism Goethe is far ahead of his time. In this study Goethe's platonic realism is made out to be a remnant—some eggshells of the medieval." The philosophy implied in Goethe's work—particularly "Faust"—is interpreted as if Truth were to be found in the positivism of the late Nineteenth Century. Had Goethe, instead of being "regressive," really ended in those shallows, he would not have been what he is—the poet visionary, the Dante of modernity.

Many psychoanalysts, when touching on philosophy, follow Freud into accepting his Nineteenth Century idiosyncrasies. What in Freud's case was the tragic paradox of genius, here becomes a mere factor to confuse the issue. This is regrettable. For apart from its philosophical bias, this book is a testimony to a medical

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humanism of ancient tradition. In its factual content it is so rewarding that one wishes it to be accessible to students of literature, and not end up in the seclusion of specialists' libraries where its literary merits might easily be overlooked.

Bernard Malamud

Idiots First. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.

by Nat Hentoff

IF MOST readers of Bernard Malamud were given his name in a free association test, I expect they would answer with one or more of the qualities which Stanley Edgar Hyman has listed as typical themes in *Idiots First*: charity, compassion, sacrifice and redemption. In interviews, Malamud himself sustains the impression. He quotes Camus as saying: "The purpose of the writer is to keep civilization from destroying itself." He rails at the fact that "our fiction is loaded with sickness, homosexuality, fragmented man, 'other-directed man.' It should be filled with love and beauty and hope."

Yet, although Malamud is indeed compassionate—with subtlety and precision rather than with indiscriminate ingenuousness—the characters in *Idiots First* experience small hope and little love. They do juggle desire, and occasionally there is the commingling of needs between two people; but most of Malamud's figures are imprisoned in their privates mazes of frustration and fear. The most desperate though unrealized core of that fear is fear of the rage which their condition must feed. It is a rage they dare not admit and confront lest it consume them entirely. Malamud, in sum, does cut through to the impotence and aloneness which are variously common among his contemporaries of all kinds, but he is also a much angrier writer than appears to be understood, especially by himself.

Listen to Malamud in a *New York Times* interview: "You can get mad, but how mad can you get? There are unseen victories all around us; it's a matter of plucking them down. It takes effort, the kind of courage that causes man constantly to fabricate the means of his preservation." But what are the "unseen victories" in this collection of short stores? In the title tale, a quasi-fantasy, a dying father expends enormous strength of spirit to win a prospect of safety for his idiot son. But how? By conjuring up an Old Testament God, Ginzburg, who suddenly grants the idiot a special dispensation.

Black Is My Favorite Color is an acutely sensitized evocation of the further chasm which skin color can create between those who might otherwise find an unseen victory, but it ends in defeat. In *Still Life*, Fidelman, a recurring and growing character in Malamud's stores, first allows himself to be masochistically exploited by the woman he wants to possess. When Fidelman finally does "win" her by dressing in a cassock and biretta to exploit her guilt and superstition in turn, Malamud ends the story: "Pumping slowly he nailed her to her cross." Yes, this is as it would have happened. But is this "love and beauty and hope?"

Rage is more explicit in *The Death of Me*, but it does not kill either of the assistants whose incessant combat is oppressing their aged Jewish employer. The wrangling Italian and Pole kill the employer who has failed at conciliation and who cannot bear to unloose his own anger. A final explosion between the *goyim* brings the Jew his payment as a pacifier—a fatal heart attack. He showed them, all right. *The Jewbird*, a wandering Yiddish crow, makes his self-image as a Jew and his conversation astonishingly believable in one of Malamud's most brilliant uses of fantasy to indentify reality, but the Jewbird is eventually forced out of his uneasy refuge in the apartment of a lumpish frozen foods salesman (also a Jew). The crow ends his odyssey by fulfilling his prophecy of his fate—"in a small lot near the river, his two wings broken, neck twisted and both bird-eyes plucked clean." Ultimately the Jewbird could not fight back in any way to protect itself, and so it was destroyed. Despite my summary, the

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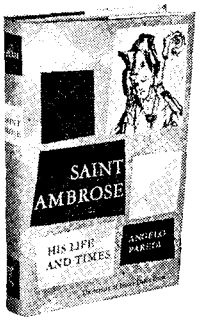

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story is full of idiomatic humor, but not even self-defensive Yiddish wit was enough to save the Jewbird.

I am not saying all is unrelievedly lost in *Idiots First*. Some do survive without at least being diminished any further. There is, for example, the Italian maid in *The Maid's Shoes* who, for all the bleakness and indignity of her poverty, has not stopped reaching out to life. Her frozen employer, the American professor, has to fire her because she is too real to be borne without endless involvement and he is too old in his withdrawal to live again, even vicariously. In *A Choice of Profession*, for another illustration, a girl who has committed incest and has been a prostitute, becomes much surer of herself and of what she wants to be (a teacher) than the professor who cannot forgive her for his own inability to grow out of what he has been. Admittedly these are "unseen victories," but the weight in Malamud's book as a whole is against "love, beauty and hope" in the context of what we have become as a society.

I am not faulting Malamud for not being more sanguine, but I do question the prevailing assessment of Malamud—and his own self-appraisal apparently—as a man who is compassionately trying to conserve what is left of civilization. His role is more than that. Malamud says the "writer doesn't need political involvement. A writer must say something worthwhile, but it must be art; his problem is to handle social issues so imaginatively and uniquely that they become art." And most of *Idiots First*—excepting a banal scene of a play, "Suppose A Wedding"—is art. But what Malamud's art, though not his public posture, is increasingly saying is that conservation is not enough. Basic societal change is needed or we will all be swallowed one way or another by our rage that this is all there is to life. It is not Malamud's responsibility to prescribe the changes, but he has indicated in the best of *Idiots First* how slight the changes are now for even "unseen victories." Although he would refuse the designation, Malamud, in his own way, is a pre-revolutionary.

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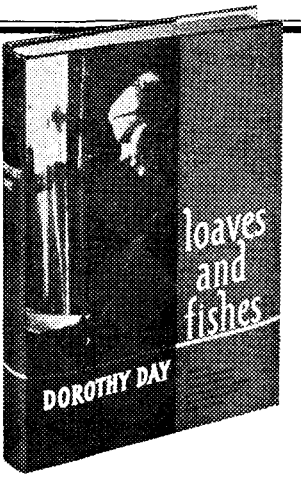

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Tigress, Not Suburban Mamma

Not Quite Posthumous Letter to My Daughter. By Caitlin Thomas. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.75.

by Jean Holzhauer

AS READERS of her first book know, Caitlin Thomas shares her late husband's personal talent for arousing mixed emotions. That howl of anguish (*Leftover Life to Kill*, 1957) assailed not only bereavement but life itself. Before it, Americans wavered between sympathy and distaste.

Here is Caitlin again, deceptively draped in maternal solicitude, even regretting the earlier book as an unholy show of herself. The way of a woman in the world is studded with pitfalls, she notes—truthfully: a girl does well to heed the advice of her elders. Among the glittering traps: men, alcohol, bohemianism, tendencies to cleverness and intelligence in conversation, extravagance in dress.

So far, so good. Many a mother will agree that "Being a woman proper means embodying, in the feather-lined nest of your person, a small fragile hatch of couched softness and fledgling sweetness," that safety indicates crossed knees, pastel dresses, the durable distinction of a single strand of pearls at the throat.

But the tigress cannot change her stripes, and Caitlin has not transformed herself to a model suburban mamma. The "fledgling sweetness" passage continues, "which is what true womanliness: God help our rhino hides; still personifies." Approval may turn at that point to alarm, for Caitlin Thomas's counsel comes down to "chirp sweetly and as innocuously as possible, while keeping a wary eye on the marital main chance: money." And even money is not quite enough, for worse than seduction, in her book, is legal and sanctified slavery-in-wedlock with the wrong man.

Almost any man may be the wrong one, it appears. The book contains a merciless "party guide" to men, classified by personality and occupation:

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The "Psycho Pedlar": "The only really unforgivable sin to him is uneventfulness of experience. Having nothing awful enough to tell: for his jaded appetite."

The Doctor: "I think it must be a nice change to have somebody who knows what he is doing: if not passionately doing it. Rather than a passionate bungler."

Is Caitlin Thomas against everything, then; against all life? No. She is for it, as she herself might say, necessarily, but against delusion.

"Perhaps," she adds, at the end, "the word I am after is not: Love; after all. There is too much emphasis on: Love; altogether. Perhaps it is endurance. It is about time that soft

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meaningless word: Love; was taken out of the dictionary. So that instead of saying: I will love you forever; it would be a much more convincing proof to say: I will endure you forever. For what is there left but to endure: what is left."

No soft-as-a-womanly-kitten is Caitlin; rather, a *femme*. And her book, as one pearl-necklaced mother of daughters sniffed, is a "horrid" one, meaning it won't go down in polite society which dislikes being treated roughly, by too many pessimistic but home truths. Seeming: as Mrs. Thomas might have it in one of her dramatically punctuated fragments; a Pity.

CRITICS AND REVIEWERS

Thomas Curley, a New York novelist and critic is the author of the recently published *Past Eve and Adam's* (Atheneum).

Philip Deasy is a member of the English faculty at St. Peter's College, New Jersey.

James Finn, formerly an associate editor of The Commonweal, is the editor of *Worldview*.

Father Robert T. Francoeur, is a frequent contributor of articles and reviews to these pages.

Justus George Lawler, a frequent contributor, is editor of the new quarterly, *Continuum*.

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Father Leo R. Ward, C.S.C., a member of the faculty at the University of Notre Dame, is the author of *Philosophy of Education* (Regnery).

Karl Stern, a psychiatrist himself, is the well-known author of several books, the most recent of which is *Through Dooms of Love* (Farrar, Straus).

Nat Hentoff, a regular contributor, has written for the *New Yorker*, *Harper's* and other journals.

Jean Holzhauer is a member of the English Department at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

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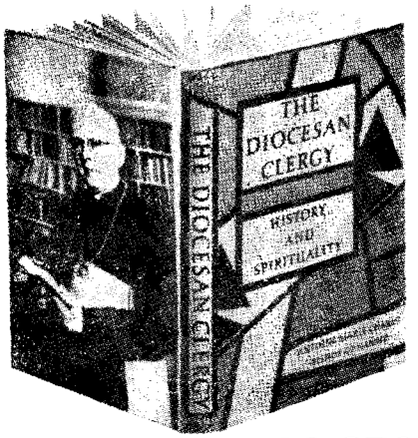

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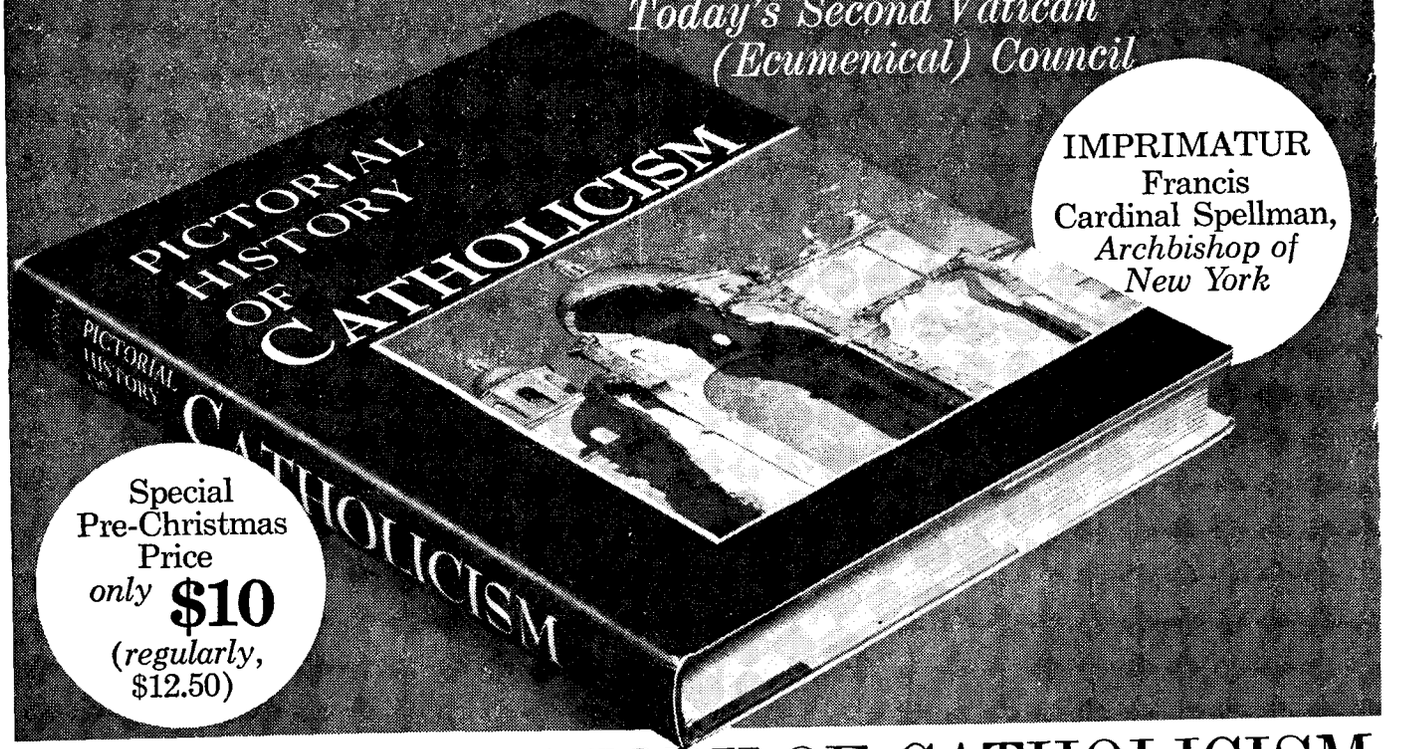

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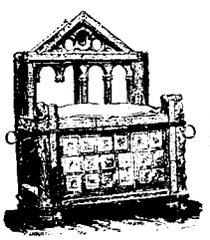

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